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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

### THE OCCULT SCIENCES.

*The Philosophy of Magic, Prodigies, and apparent Miracles. From the French of Eusèbe Salverte. With Notes illustrative, explanatory, and critical. By A. Todd Thomson, M.D., F.L.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.*

"We have undertaken (writes M. Salverte) to restore to ancient history that grandeur of which an apparent mixture of puerile fables robbed it; and to demonstrate that the apparent miracles and the magical operations of the ancients were the result of real scientific knowledge, more or less advanced, which the Thaumaturgists, for the most part, had secretly transmitted from one period to another; at the same time, with the greatest care, concealing that knowledge from all other men. Two principles have regulated our conclusions.—Firstly: We consider it absurd to wonder at, or to refuse to believe, what appears supernatural when it can be naturally explained. Secondly: We regard it reasonable to admit that the physical knowledge proper for the working of apparent miracles was possessed by some men, at the time and in the country where historical tradition has placed the miracle. There must, we maintain, be a plausible motive for denying what has often been attested by many authors, and repeated at divers times: that motive no longer exists, and the apparent miracle re-enters the class of historical fact, when an explanation, deduced from the nature of things, has dispelled the supernatural appearance that caused it to be regarded as chimerical. But, again, how is it that conceptions of such high interests have never descended to us? Histories have been lost over all the world connected with the greatest parts of past times, and also much knowledge of every kind, the possession of which by the ancients cannot be disputed. To the general causes of destruction which have occasioned these immense gaps in the domain of human intelligence, are joined two in particular, the power of which we have described; the one is the mystery with which religious and political interests endeavoured to envelope free ideas; the other is the want of a systematic connexion, which alone could have established between them an accurate theory, a connexion without which facts were successively lost. There was also no possibility remaining for those which survived to recover those which sank gradually into the abyss of oblivion, from the lapse of time, from negligence, fear, superstition, and ignorance."

This passage fully explains the nature of these volumes; and, greatly improved as they are by the scientific annotations of Dr. Thomson, they furnish a vast fund of diligent research and extensive reading on topics which have deeply interested mankind in all ages of the world. It requires a general index of above thirty pages to point out their multiplicity and variety; embracing, we should say, from a thousand to twelve or thirteen hundred subjects connected with every period of history and every region of the globe. With such a work, what can we do? We are fairly "floored!" It is a brick but an indifferent sample of a single house, what must it be of a building, in every possible style, which covers acres? yet such, of necessity, must be our notice.

Dr. Thomson leaves the proofs of the author's successful arguments against the apparent miracles of Polytheism, in a rather commendatory manner, to the sense of readers; but with regard

to the same course in reference to Christian doctrines, he has (differing from him) abstained from editing those portions of his "Philosophy." On another point he observes:

"A considerable portion of these volumes is occupied in tracing many of the extraordinary apparent miracles of antiquity to mechanical and scientific sources; but the knowledge of the erudite author is not very profound on this part of his subject; and here I trust my notes shall be found to illustrate his remarks, as well as to clear up many obscure passages; to explain processes which seem to have been little known to him; and to correct errors into which he has been led from being only superficially acquainted with the subject. I have also added many brief biographical notices of the principal individuals mentioned in the text, chiefly for the sake of the general English reader, whose moderate acquaintance with classical antiquity may require such an aid."

It may be remarked, that M. Salverte attributes an immense degree of knowledge and science to the ancients, in order to account for their performances of miracles; their application of prodigies; their secret uses of physical, mechanical, and chemical agencies; their acquaintance with the arcana of acoustics, optics, hydrostatics, drugs and poisons, meteorology, and their power in working on the senses of animals; and, in short, turning every phenomenon of nature to promote their ends, and inventing frauds and delusions for similar purposes, relying on the ignorance and credulity of mankind. In reasoning on these matters, he says, for instance:

"With what disdain, what ridicule, should we treat an ancient author if he told us that a woman had a breast on her left thigh, with which she nourished her own and several other children; yet this phenomenon has been vouched for by the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The known correctness of the philosopher who examined it, and the value of the testimonials upon which he rested his veracity, would have been sufficient to have placed the matter beyond a doubt. There is still one cause which diminishes and destroys much of the improbability of marvellous events: it is the facility which one finds in stripping these events of every thing monstrous, such as at first provoked a challenge. In order to effect this, it is always necessary to allow for that spirit of exaggeration peculiar to the human mind. It is ignorance which prepares credulity to receive prodigies and apparent miracles; curiosity excites; pride interests; the love of the marvellous misleads; anticipation carries us on; fear subdues; and enthusiasm intoxicates us; whilst chance, that is to say, a succession of events, the connexion of which we do not perceive, and which also permits us to attribute effects to erroneous causes, seconding all these agents of error, sports with human credulity."

Of natural appearances, among fifty examples, we are told:

"A rock which is first described upon the side of Mount Sipylus was regarded by the ancients as the unfortunate Niobe transformed into stone by the anger or the pity of the gods. Q. Calaber notices this metamorphosis, at once admitting and explaining it. 'Far off,' he exclaims, 'is seen the figure of a woman stifled by sobe and melted in tears; but on approaching, nothing is visible but a mass of rock detached from the mountain.' 'I have seen this Niobe,' says Pausanias; 'it is a craggy rock which, when viewed near, bears no resemblance to a woman; but when seen from a

distance, it has the appearance of a female figure, with the head bent down, as if shedding tears.' Endemic diseases have, in figurative language, been termed the arrows of Apollo and Diana, because their origin was referred to the influence of the sun and the moon upon the atmosphere; or more properly to those sudden changes from heat to cold, and dryness to dampness, attendant upon the succession of day and night in a mountainous and wooded country. There is nothing more probable than that one of these diseases, peculiar to the neighbourhood of Mount Sipylus, should have carried off the children of a chief before the eyes of their distracted mother. Superstitious man, ever imagining that he sees in misfortune the existence of crime, believed that Niobe, too proud of the prosperity of her numerous family, was justly punished for having dared to compare her happiness to that of the divinities, whose resentment she experienced; and in the remembrance of this unfortunate mother, as well as observing that the rock resembles a female figure in tears, credulity beholds in it the portrait of Niobe. And all this may, with as much probability, have been a real history, as an allegory intended to shew, by a picture of the instability of human prosperity, the folly of presumption. In either case, the priests of Apollo and Diana seconded, if they did not create, the established belief; and delighted to shew upon Mount Sipylus this incredible monument of the vengeance of the gods."

Upon this Dr. T. notes a similar case in our own island:

"On the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, is a tower erected to the memory of Lord Nelson. The rock on which it stands displays nothing uncommon when viewed near, or at its base; but at a distance, in some positions, it represents a very accurate profile of the head of the hero."

And we may further state, that one of the old Castle walls at Hastings, viewed from the opposite hill, was an admirable gigantic profile head of George the Third.

Upon the important subject of oracles M. Salverte remarks:

"It is not correct to assume that, in the delivering of oracles, all was intentional imposture and deceit. Those who uttered them were often under the influence of real delirium. M. de Tiedmann very plausibly believes, that the German priestesses, prophesying amidst the din of the tumult of waters, and fixedly regarding the eddies formed on the rapid course of the river, would, in such a position, soon become vertiginous. Something similar may be seen in the cataleptic state into which the magnetisers throw their subjects who are weak in organisation, and still more feeble in mind, by disturbing the imagination and fixing attention for a considerable time on a succession of monotonous and absurd gestures."

Again we read:

"Simple observations, which require nothing beyond common reflection, and which we scarcely venture to range under the head of science, have also been the foundation of oracles. Instructed by general laws, the priest was able to risk a prediction respecting the soil and the climate of a country, by consulting the entrails of particular victims. The science of the Auspices and of the Augurs was also founded on observations appertaining to physics, to meteorology, or to natural history. In Livonia and in Esthonia, a religious opinion, anterior to the establishment of Christianity, forbade the agriculturist to destroy by fire the crickets

(*Gryllus domesticus*) that he should find in his habitation; as those insects which the crickets kill would tear his clothes and his linen to pieces. When about to build a house, he was directed to observe what species of ant showed itself first at the appointed place. The appearance of the great fawn-coloured ant, or the black ant, was regarded as pointing out the spot as a favourable site; but should the small red ant appear, another spot was to be selected. This precaution was proper, as this little insect makes the greatest havoc in the provisions and stores of man, while the two former species, by preying upon the latter, necessarily put an end to its ravages. In the same manner, the cricket devours other insects, and it is especially destructive of ants; a fact which has entitled it to consideration, and in many countries rendered it a sacred insect. There is no difficulty in predicting to the man who destroys them that he will suffer from the ravages of those insects of which it is the natural enemy. From infancy Nævius announced his future talent for the profession of an augur. In order to obtain a fine bunch of grapes as an offering to the gods, he consulted the birds with as much success as sagacity: he knew that by frequenting the spot where the grapes were ripe and abundant, their preference should lead him to the object of his search. A similar proof of juvenile sagacity was exhibited in our times. Gassendi, directing the attention of his school-fellows to the sky, as they stood under a tree, proved to them that the clouds, driven rapidly by the wind, moved over their heads, and not the moon, although she appeared the moving object. In the days of oracles we should have beheld in him an embryo prophet. The Thaumaturgist has always proposed to himself one great end; and in order to attain it he has not scrupled to make use of all means indifferently, whether charlatanism, tricks, allegories, natural phenomena, observations, reasoning, or true science. But of all the means employed, perhaps the most powerful, at least that which increased the efficacy of all the rest, was the inviolable secrecy which, by general consent, concealed his operations. To envelope events in the veil of mystery, said the sages themselves, serves to raise veneration for those divinities whose nature eludes the senses of man."

Respecting chemical deceptions, the following may afford an idea of the author:

"The agency of heat in the expansion of oil, or any other liquid, belongs to another science than hydrostatics; thus we are naturally led to examine what was the extent, or rather how much we can trace, of those pretended miracles for which the ancients were indebted to a practical knowledge of chemistry. Passing to more elevated ideas, we may recall the example of Aclepodotus, who chemically reproduced the deleterious exhalations of a sacred grotto, which proves that a science so prolific of apparent miracles was not unknown in the temples. Other facts tend to confirm this opinion. Marcos, the leader of one of those sects which, in the earlier ages of the Church, endeavoured to amalgamate with Christian doctrines particular dogmas and rites of initiation, filled three cups of transparent glass with colourless wine; during his prayer the fluid in one of these cups became blood-red, in another purple, and in the third of an azure blue. At a later period, a well might be seen in an Egyptian church, the waters of which, whenever they were placed in a lamp, became of a sanguine colour. In addition to these seeming miracles, probably borrowed from the mysteries of some ancient temple, let us add one of later times. At the court of the Duke of Brunswick, Professor Beyruss promised that during dinner his coat should become red; and, to the amazement of the prince and his other guests, it actually became of that colour. M. Vogel, who relates the fact, does not reveal the secret made use of by Beyruss; but he observes, that by pouring limewater on the juice of the beet-root a colourless liquid is obtained; and that a piece of cloth steeped in this liquid and quickly dried becomes red in a few hours, simply

by contact with the air; and further, that the effect is accelerated in an apartment where champagne and other wines are being plentifully poured out.\* It has been proved by recent experiments, that wool dyed by orchil of a violet colour, or stained blue by the acidulated sulphate of indigo, in a bath of hydro-sulphuric acid, becomes colourless, yet resumes the blue or the violet colour on exposure to the free air. Either explanation applies to the modern fact, and indicates the possibility of reviving ancient prodigies: it also discovers the manner in which, amidst flaming torches and smoking incense, in the sanctuaries of Polytheism, the veil concealing the sacred things may have been seen to change from white to a deep blood-red hue, and which spectacle was considered as the presage of frightful disasters. Blood boiling on the altars, or upon the marbles, or in the vases of the temple, was also indicative of peril and calamity. In Provence, in the sixteenth century, when a consecrated phial, filled with the blood of St. Magdalene, in a solid state, was placed near her pretended head, the blood became liquid, and suddenly boiled. The same phenomenon was exhibited in the cathedral of Avellino, with the blood of St. Lawrence; and also at Bissegia, with that of St. Pantaleon, and of two other martyrs. In the present day, at an annual public ceremony at Naples, some of the blood of St. Januarius, collected and dried centuries ago, becomes spontaneously liquefied, and rises in a boiling state to the top of the phial that incloses it. These phenomena may be produced by reddening sulphuric ether with orcanette (*onocoma*, Linn.), and mixing the tincture with spermaceti. This preparation, at ten degrees above the freezing point (*centigrade*), remains condensed, but melts and boils at twenty. To raise it to this temperature, it is only necessary to hold the phial which contains it in the hand for some time. If a little simple jugglery be combined with this philosophical experiment, the apparent miracle is complete. At Naples, the pretended relics of St. John the Baptist annually shed blood; and blood trickles from the withered bones of St. Thomas Aquinas, thus proving the authenticity of the relics, held in veneration by the monks of Fossa Nuova; and the bones of St. Nicholas of Tolentius, exposed on the altar for the adoration of the faithful, soon fills with blood a large silver basin placed below it by the foresight of the priests. From this solution it seems to follow, that the Thaumaturgists were acquainted with alcoholic liquors, and with the art of distilling necessary to obtain them; and thus it was easy for them to produce the spectacle of burning liquids, with which they astonished the multitude."

With these most imperfect illustrations we must, however, take our leave of M. Salvette and his able annotator; and do so with a note of the latter on ventriloquism, such as the Witch of Endor and others are presumed to have employed in their pseudo-supernatural practices.

"Ventriloquism is the power of imitating voices, sounds, or noises, as if they were perfectly extraneous and not originating in the utterer, but in some other person, and in places at various distances, and even in several directions. A skilful ventriloquist produces these effects without any apparent movement of his jaws, lips, or features. Various opinions have been advanced by physiologists with regard to the manner of producing such an effect. The most commonly received opinion refers it to the power of articulation during inspiration. M. Majendie regards it as a mere modification of the ordinary voice, so as to imitate the sounds which the voice suffers from distance: and

"In this case the lime, which in its pure or alkaline state unites with the acid of the juice of the beet-root and decolorises it, attracts carbonic acid from the air, which converts it into carbonate of lime; so that the acid of the beet being again set free, aided by any excess of the carbonic acid, acts upon the colouring matter, and restores the colour. The quantity of carbonic acid extricated by the breathing of many persons in a crowded room, and evolved by the champagne, would greatly facilitate this change."—Dr. T.

latterly Müller contends that it 'consists in inspiring deeply, so as to protrude forward the abdominal viscera by the descent of the diaphragm, and then speaking while the expiration is performed very slowly through a very narrow glottis by means of the sides of the chest alone, the diaphragm maintaining its depressed position. Sounds may be thus uttered which resemble the voice of a person calling from a distance.' This is a very probable explanation, especially as the imagination influences the judgment when we direct the ear to the place whence the ventriloquist pretends that the sounds proceed; a part of the trick which is always taken advantage of by the ventriloquists."

#### TRAITS OF THE CONTINENT.

*Prose from the South.* By J. Edmund Reade, author of "Italy," &c. 2 vols. London, Charles Ollier.

THE Bee is a busy, humming creature; it ranges far and wide, and from flowers of every kind in every quarter of the land within its flight (and that flight is more extended than many people think) it brings home to its hive the materials for a curiously constructed, sweet, and pleasant comb. So in this instance has the Poet traversed the Continent, and from various sources sucked the juices of agreeable literature, and composed them into a whole of intellectual symmetry and grateful perfume. Lighting, bee-like, here and there, he has gathered together the memories of other days and carried away the impressions of the present. The scenes of inexhaustible nature are beautifully described; men known to fame are sketched with few but lively touches; legends are rescued from local imprisonment or oblivion; the arts and letters, artists and authors, supply matter for intelligent criticism; and the whole is made sensible of the poetic bent of the writer's mind, and displays much that is vivid, rich, and original. This is much to say; but we say it with a warm conviction of its truth, and a belief that a very large proportion of readers will agree with us in recognising a delightful quality in these volumes, not unworthy of the author of *Italy*, and one so devoted to the Muse that all the prevailing utilitarian disregard or apathy of the time could never drive him from her arms. There is a freshness about them hardly to have been expected from the cramped route from Paris through Switzerland to and over Italy, whose classic soil and ancient monuments have before enforced the author into verse. But he has thought for himself; and the man who does so is sure to get out of the beaten track, however much it may have been trodden. The commonest things come thus to be treated in a novel manner; for example, music in France and England:

"When the Parisians shewed no feeling for one of the operas of the divine Paesello, Napoleon pettishly observed, that they had no real feeling for music; by which, no doubt, he meant to imply that, though they might have a correct ear and taste for it (which they have), the depth and profundity of harmony was never fathomed by French hearts; and never was a truer word spoken by that man of oracles, whose every word was an axiom. In our later days, indeed, one or two composers have been born to them who have emancipated themselves in a great degree from their artificial mannerism, the scientific leading-strings to which they were bound. The names of Auber, Herold, and of several others, demand our respect and admiration. Music among the French is strictly an art, and must excite them by its energy or its scientific complications: with us it is a positive feeling; the only point an Englishman insists on in music is expression. Music is, with both of us, in its infancy; the French have far advanced in the scientific road, we, until very recently, having no national opera; yet we, in the end, have a better chance of reaching the heights, or rather of fathoming the depths, of music, inasmuch as feeling, when it does create, will so infinitely excel the colder labours of art; the one will soar, the other can but creep. The French school



of music, giving them ages in advance, will never approach the Italian. We certainly have a better chance of approaching the Germans, and these are fair parallels; the nations are analogous in their mould of genius and character. Fashionable life in London deadens all true feeling for music. Look at the morning concerts; they are crowded, even at the highest prices; applauded to the very echo; why? because they are the fashion. It would be death to the taste of many a one who, perhaps, abhors the crash of an orchestra not to have been there; for in England no tyrant is half so observant, half so despotic or unrelenting as fashion.

"Go into the country: there you will hear more, perhaps of foreign, perhaps of native airs, sung how often with what exquisite taste and feeling!—music in its first stage of simplicity, nothing more, no further pretension. This is enough for the present—the seeds are laid. No people in the world are so alive to poetry as the English. I mean, 'the fit audience, though few,' but to the mass, to the *οι πολλοι*, poetry has become an obsolete term; not only the publishers dare not risk its publishing, but the poets too often risk the ruining themselves in labouring at its unproductive mines. Who shall say what genius in music may not one day rise among us, inspired by the spirit of our poetry—by the summer harmonies of our landscapes—by the noble spur of emulation—and by having a stage open and free for every exertion? I confess that here I feel strong in prophecy. Painting is a more stationary art among us: it makes no advances, it has no ennobling aspirations, it lays claim to no grand pretensions. The English painter has no ambition to excel in other arts, no idea of making his mind a universal one; a temple open to receive all forms and shapes of improvement. He limits his mind to painting only; with what improvement in flesh-colouring, and in the higher efforts of the imagination, our annual exhibitions attest. When our painters emulate the acquirements of the old masters, becoming also philosophers, mechanics, geographers, and poets, as well as discoverers in arts and sciences, then let us look for their exaltation; let the various knowledge of Albert Durer, of Leonardo, of Angelo, or of Raffaele, be remembered by them. The sun of painting rises and sets in Italy alone; cultivated elsewhere, it languishes and dies, chiefly, perhaps, from want of encouragement, the fiat having gone out against all modern aspirants. Hence the fate of our English painters passed into a proverb—'Paint and starve.' Portrait painters succeed everywhere. Vanity opens the strings of the purse of dulness where imagination utterly fails. But this is only part of the truth, not all. Money is the Englishman's sole idol—the only possession of which he is really proud—of which he should be ashamed to boast. In England all, even aristocracy itself, bows down to wealth.

"It is this state of things which has derogated genius, until genius has derogated itself, crushing all its freer feelings by imitation. Does not the author write to the taste of the day, and not from himself? Can he thus ever produce a masterpiece?—he writes for money only. The painter—could he be great in England? Can he devote the years to a subject which he should do to attain excellence, instead of hasty hours? Could he afford to do it? Does he not starve as it is? How rarely are his imaginative productions bought—how seldom are they ordered, except to cover the walls of dingy dining-rooms! Read the wretched histories of Barry, Bird, Wilson, &c. They wanted a little—a very little—money to keep starvation from the door, but starve they mostly did. Look at recent literary examples in our immediate day; in the case, too, of 'popular favourites'—the diseased poverty and consequent death of Hood, the suicide of Blanchard.\* Contemplate France, who annually, and at her own expense, sends her students to Italy for a period, to study there the pieces which

alone create a genius by looking on them. Are we so wretchedly poor that we cannot do this? Look again at our musicians: not a song, not a note will they write without their money be first guaranteed to them. It is money which inspires them to write just such things as one might expect; enough to pay for the hour, too execrable to be remembered. Those 'who have not a name,' may publish, if they choose; but, or rich or poor, no pampered singer will give them a chance, unless at a fee of from five to twenty guineas for singing one of their airs! Surely 'Reform' is wanted here! French music, like their painting, walks still on stilts, without possessing even the desire of walking naturally. Their singers still quaver and gesticulate too much; their operas, sometimes of a German, sometimes of an Italian cast, sometimes wholly French, are always overstrained. Their choruses are as harsh and nerve-rendering, and their drums stand as much out from that keeping and reunion which makes, and *is*, harmony, as ever: they still merit, as heretofore, the anathema of Rousseau. If this be unjust, I will only turn to proof, and ask, if, in the nineteenth century, such melodramas (operas, I should have said) as *Robert le Diable*, for example, be profusely applauded, what must we say of the purity of their general taste, of the character of their style? The very endurance of such pieces proves they have none, or one so unhealthy that its total decease were better."

The critique upon the Parisian dramatists and novelists is equally just and judicious; but we pass on to another sort of specimen—the fête of the vine-dressers near Vevay.

"It was (says Mr. Reade) with no common zest that I set off on October 7th, at seven o'clock in the morning, to see the fête of the vine-dressers—the latest vestige of the festal ceremonies of the Greeks and Romans. The very mountains around seemed instinct with life; the lake with boats and skiffs, anything that would float on water. All hastened from their most retired cottages—from the greatest distances—all were aware of the grand day, the once only in eighteen years. What a startling space in human life! All were pouring into Vevay, which, like a brook swelled by the rains, held on that and on the following day little short of twenty thousand people. I found it, indeed, an exciting spectacle. A large level space of ground was enclosed; a scaffolding, capable of containing three thousand persons, was overflowing,—here was to be the crowning of the prize-holders; while another, opposite, held twelve hundred persons. In the space between the two a high platform was erected, above which, and along its whole extent, were arches of flowers, in honour of the crowned vine-dressers, and representing, at the same time, the productions of the four seasons; here was to be held the dancing, after the procession; nothing could be more Arcadian than the appearance of this charming canopy, not to mention the happy faces under it. Each of the nine divisions of the vine-dressers being arrived in the enclosure, a deputation of dancers from each corps, headed by the musicians of Bacchus, advanced toward the directors to accompany them; and to bear the flags and the rewards decreed to the twenty-eight best vine-cultivators. At this moment the scene was most interesting. The directors rose from the front of the scaffolding, to a full burst of music from an orchestra beneath of one hundred and seventy musicians—responded by the shouts of multitudes: the enthusiasm arising from such a scene may be imagined. Immediately afterwards, a deputation of vine-dressers, preceded by music, and by a guard of Swiss in their ancient costume, advanced, accompanied by two directors, to occupy the seats which were decreed them on the scaffolding; at this moment there arose again a responding air from the musicians, chorused by the multitude. The grand priest of Bacchus, the two priestesses, and twelve Canephores, then mounted the scaffolding—all in classical costume; and, while all

the spectators were seated, his Reverence (as he is called) the Chief Director, a fine old man, harangued the vine-dressers; after which he placed on their heads a crown, decorated them with a medal, and restored to them their pruning-knives with honour. I regretted that I could not hear the address—but nothing could be finer than the moral effect; no words could heighten it. Here were men crowned, before their fellow-men, for doing best their natural occupation; for fattening and 'replenishing the earth,' for rearing best the vineyard! How unstained were their laurel wreaths—how much to be envied! how well deserved, by rising before the sun—by resting at his set; by being, also, good fathers, good husbands, and good citizens!—for all this is well ascertained—indeed, here it is natural. I repeat, nothing could have a deeper moral effect than the scene; and as I saw broad, bronzed, honest features lighted up with smiles, and fine athletic forms set off by gay costumes, I thought I never saw men so happy as they.

"The sight was beautiful; for what is happiness but moral beauty? I thought of the olden time—of 'Arcadia and golden joys.' 'Vain fancies,' said I to myself—dreams of things which never were; or if they were, are now realised before me.' I observed one of those who were crowned—a handsome young peasant—look archly at some one behind me, and with an expressive toss of his head; I turned round, and, by the extreme likeness, felt certain it was his sister; she was turning to her mother, and I heard her say, 'How happy this will make our good grandmother.' 'Tis thus with these mountaineers—in the very crowning of their best wishes, they remember the smallest corner of their far fire-sides. I ought to add, that the finishing of the coronation was marked by a flourish of horns and trumpets in honour of their triumph—an ovation, I should call it; the directors then, with the priest and the priestesses, chanted a long hymn in their honour."

"At the termination of their chorus, the orchestra played the air to those exquisitely touching words, so often sung in England, so truly felt here:

"O ma patrie! O mon bonheur!  
Toujours chérie, tu rempliras mon cœur!"

No conception can be formed of the enthusiasm of this moment—the immense mass of life around had only one heart, one voice, one soul; and as they threw up the song exultingly to the bright blue sky above them, they seemed, and they felt as invincible as they were happy! Here are the secrets to bind a people to their land—to endear them to it: flatter their honest pride in it, and make them feel themselves of importance, by shewing them that they are *thought* to be so. These are the soft ties which they will remember, should ever tyranny make her chains felt by them; these will make them feel their brotherhood, though every manifesto should fail. \* \* \* The remainder is briefly described: the four chief orchestras struck up a lively air; all was activity, all rising, all animation. Everywhere, almost instantaneously, singing and dancing commenced, as if all Babel were let loose: such was 'the universal hubbub.' Each troop in turn waltzed and quadrilled and danced every figure with their fair partners—or rather, 'dusky loves,' I should have said—on the platform to which I have alluded; and this part of the scene did amuse me excessively. It is a new thing for an Englishman to see the very lowest orders of peasantry waltzing with a precision and a neatness which he does not always see in his own country even in the first circles; and then the mutual politeness, the bowing and the curtsying, and the rough peasantry so gently handing them back to their good old cronies, 'as withered and as wild in their attire' as Macbeth's own witches. I stood looking on, infinitely gratified and amused, when a signal was given that the great dinner was ready in the promenade. I have seen grand supper-rooms in England thrown open, but

\* And now of poor Haydon.—Ed. L. G.

I have rarely attempted to see the supper-table—to eat being out of the question, so forward is the rush, and the squeeze of men and women to get in the first. I wish that such could have seen the announcement of dinner here: although eight hundred covers were laid for, I suppose, eight times the number of people, although the better part, perhaps all of them, had never dined half so well before, and, in all likelihood, never would again (remembering the length of time intervening), yet no vague curiosity, no eager gluttony were manifested: those who happened to be first quietly took their seats—being chiefly women, the men attending behind them—while those who were further removed stood by as gaily and as fully employed among their friends as if no dinner were going on before them. Such are the effects of uncorrupted civilisation, and of easily-satisfied nature on men and women—here I saw them exemplified before me. I noted down the different divisions of the vine-dressers, as they promenaded round the enclosure. I will add them here, as they deeply interested me at the time, and were, indeed, the observed of every eye. The first long division was headed by twelve young shepherdesses, dressed in white and in the brightest blue; they were covered with flowers, and held garlands in their hands: in truth, they were as gay as 'creatures of the element.' They sang some couplets, and they sang well; their swains replied; they then joined in a ballet, and mounted on the platform, attended by their shepherds and their sheep. I could not help smiling at their exceedingly pastoral appearance. Florian would have gone mad; he would have had as much of shepherd-dresses and of *moutons* as he desired. Then came, trooping up, the gardeners and gardenesses (I must coin a word for *jardinières*), each with their tools of trade, and certainly proving that two of a trade can agree; they, too, danced, and gave a song. Then came the very shadow of ancient time—the troop of *Pâques*—an altar-place was raised in their centre. The altar was lowered, and they placed on it the baskets; then the priestess threw round the incense, and chanted a song which I took care to obtain:

'O Pâques! ton aimable empire  
Repand la paix dans nos bameaux.  
Un de tes regards, ton sourire  
Bénit nos prés et nos troupeaux.  
Tu fertilises nos campagnes,  
C'est par toi qu'un naïf le bonheur;  
Et jusqu'au sommet des montagnes  
Tu scies les vœux de notre cœur.'

Could any Grecian priestess or Roman censor-bearer have given a more orthodox hymn? I honoured the good priestess, and, veritably, I blessed her, when, waving her hand, a troop of fauns and satyrs (excellently embodied) danced and chanted, or rather howled round her. The cow feeders came next; then the vine-dressers of the spring; and sixthly, the troop of the goddess Ceres; all well illustrated: the procession was the same; but, at *her* signal, a troop of reapers and haymakers bounded forth, and some brandished the flail in the dance with fearful precision—I say fearful, for a false stroke would have laid the thickest head open, yea, down to the very chine! I thought of their olden valour and iron nerves, before which the fiery Charles and his Burgundian chivalry were driven like chaff before the wind; that valour which Francis, entrenched up to his ears, withstood only in his camp at Marignan, but dared not pursue, while his marshal, grown grey in battles, declared that all he had hitherto seen in the field was children's sport to what he had witnessed on that day—that he had seen a battle of the giants! Seventhly, came, what I had been expecting, the troop of Bacchus, and this was the most detailed and classic of all. Bands of music led on three priests conducting a goat, as for sacrifice, his horns richly gilded; then came the altar, the grand Hierophant, and then Bacchus, the jolly god himself, mounted on a wine-cask, supported (as the conductor of India) by four Ethiopians shading him from the sun with a sort of palanquin. Fauns were

around him, covered with tigers' skins, and bearing thyrses; twelve Bacchantes, with tambours and with clashing cymbals, followed; and old Silenus, mounted on his ass, brought up the rear. Halting before the chief scaffolding, Bacchus is borne in front, the altar is placed beneath him, and appropriate offerings made. The chief of the fauns gave a signal for the dance, and then the priest having offered incense, gravely recited his invocation, one stanza of which I obtained:

'Dieu des raisins, protecteur de nos vignes!  
Dans ce beau jour écoute nos accens;  
Ecoute, ô Bacchus! tes enfans,  
Qui chantent tes faveurs insignées.'

And truly, when I saw them so correctly personified, and when I heard the admiring shouts around, not omitting the Bacchantes, who by no means spared their lungs nor our ears, I imagined myself on Mount Hæmus. I thought of Dryden's racy lines, the stamp of the great poet in every syllable:

'Flushed with a purple grace  
He shews his honest face.

Now give the hauboy's breath—he comes! he comes!

The eighth division was formed of the autumn vine-dressers. They bore among them the ark of Noah and the arch of the rainbow. Last, but not least, in more quiet interest, came, as the crowning of the husbandman's toils, the Village Nuptials—the troop representing Winter. First, came the good old baron, and his stiff and starch baroness; then the notary, with the contract; after them, old men and their wives, relatives, I suppose, with a good kitchen after them (a hint for the necessity of this, which is not generally thought of in the first romance of the idea); and then the bride and bridegroom—he, all confidence, and she, neither fainting nor frightened. Her *trousseau* follows her safely; the old baron harangues the young couple, and the notary leads the starch baroness to a waltz, while the baron favours the bride with his hand; after which, an old man gives them his blessing, and then succeeds the general dinner.

"I have faithfully described an event which occurs, perhaps, not more than twice in a life, allowing for its instabilities, but which is also, in itself, one of the most beautiful moral spectacles which this world can offer: the children of the mountains thankfully rejoicing in the fruits of their own sinless amusements! Their walls were the rocks, their roof was the sky, the 'dramatis personæ' were men filling the occupation for which man was created, and offering their deeds, not words, to the applause and imitation of their admiring countrymen."

Here is an ordinary quotation of another kind: "Between Lausanne and Berne all is rapid; we wish, like Imogen, a horse of wings, to fly at once to 'the proud and patriot field' of Morat, and truly the Swiss have reason to be proud of it. They still shew the bullets of the engines of Charles the Bold, preserved carefully in one of the towers of the town. The conquerors threw the bodies of the slain in the ditches of the place; but in the year 1480 they gathered the bones which the lime had not consumed, and piled them up in a small chapel close to the field where they fell. For a long period these bones were an object of reverence; every day some hand or other slid between the wooden bars which confined them, and furtively stole from them. Sometimes they dissolved them in water and made *soup of them for the sick*!—this is recorded as a positive fact. Sometimes they hung them over their stomachs, instead of putting them into them, as amulets. But the chapel, at last, fell to ruin; and when, in 1755, the Canton of Berne rebuilt it, they demanded from the great Haller an appropriate epitaph. I copied it from its admirable simplicity:

'Deo. Opt. Max.  
Caroll inelyti et Fortissimi  
Burgundie Ducis Exeritus  
Moratini obsidens, ab Helvetis  
Bacchus hoc sui monumentum  
Reliquit AN. MCCCCLXXVI.'

And this, too, has ceased to be; for when the Burgundians entered the Cantons under Brune, conceiving the trophy to be an insult on their country,

they burnt the chapel and threw the bones into the lake. The Swiss postillions even to this day often find reliques thrown on the shore after stormy weather, and sell them as handles for knives. How thoroughly do I detest and despise the Swiss character! I do firmly believe that a Swiss would sell his own soul (if he has one), as he has ever done his services, if any one would bid for it high enough. Here they barter with you by the hour for a human bone, they being now past making broth with. At Grutli, they sell you the water of the fountain; if they shew you one step on your way, if they give you but a glass of water, you read in their fallow faces and covetous eyes, 'Point d'argent, point de Suisse.' Even so they hired themselves out during the middle ages to the best foreign bidder, and willingly fought against each other; and so the chivalrous Burgundian, Charles, despised them. Brave they have ever been; their mountain air, by hardening their bodies, makes them so; moral, also, they are, for they are too poor to have leisure to be vicious, and have too much natural apathy to feel the blandishments of vice; honest, or even charitable, they are not, for these virtues spring from a warmth and generosity of heart to which the iron-nerved Swiss is a stranger."

For another sample, we select a piece of older lore:

"A volume might be written, revealing much that has been untold, of the secret histories which have passed in the palaces of Florence, the very ceilings of which could reveal strange tales. The manners, habits, and superstitions of an era gone by must always possess interest. I have, therefore, translated two Florentine legends, preserving the old chroniclers' simplicity of style.

#### "ABBAY OF THE BLESSED MONKS.

"This abbey was founded, not by the Count Ugo Marchalchi Brandenburgh, as Villani has stated, but by his mother, the Countess Willa, who maintained and enriched it. The monks, in gratitude for so many benefits, celebrated, on the day of St. Thomas, the anniversary of Count Ugo's death, and renewed their praises and thanksgivings with a Tuscan oratorio. Dante has alluded to this ancient custom in his sixteenth canto of *Paradiso*. Villani, in his notices of the abbey, gives a remarkable instance of that superstition to which the noblest minds were subjected during the dark ages: It pleased God, in a chase which took place in the country round Buonsolazzo, that Count Ugo, who was of the party, should lose his way. Separated from his friends, and the night falling, he wandered about in hope of again emerging in the light of day. He suddenly found himself close to a fabric for forging iron, of whose existence he was ignorant, though in his immediate neighbourhood. The fires blazed redly up to the roof, throwing a wild light upon the woods; within the foundry a multitude of black and mishapen men rushed about with shrieks, tormenting themselves with fire and hammers. The count, though daunted at their horrible appearance, gathered courage to demand who they were, and what they were doing. They told him that they were souls damned to eternal torture, and that if he did not turn from his evil ways and repent, his soul should be condemned to the same perpetual place of agony. Count Ugo, with fear and trembling, crossed himself, and recommended his soul to the Virgin Mary; the vision of fires disappeared, but he returned to Florence an altered man. He sold his patrimonies in Germany and Pisa, and built seven abbeys with the produce; the first on the spot where the vision appeared, the last in Florence. He richly endowed them all, and, from that time forth, lived a sanctified and holy life with his wife. He died on the day of St. Thomas, in the city of Florence, A.D. 1006."

With one more variety of observation we conclude:

"The country round Rimini is rich and picturesque; the pine, oak, and elm abound; the dells and copses often remind us of England, but in her



more undressed scenery. Portions of the land are marshy, and the air, though reported unhealthy, I did not find so. The rambles along the solitary shore were delicious; a shore which, flat and sandy, might be almost termed sublime, from its utter desolation and solitude, rarely intruded on, save by fishermen as wild-looking as the scene. The open roguery of the Riminian urchins amused me. When fish was landed and heaped upon wheelbarrows, two or three of these young thieves kept fast by each of them. Their dark eyes were steadfastly fixed on the 'ancient mariners,' while their hands, in the cleverest way imaginable, abstracted the smaller fry into their pockets, until they were crammed; and all this was done while looking at the old Tritons, whom they were pilfering, in the most innocent manner. I had no doubt it was their trade, in which they were such adepts that their legerdemain touches could not be suspected, nor indeed observed, unless narrowly watched. I felt inclined to interfere, until I recollected the perhaps half-starved parents who were waiting for their daily breakfast. I observed that one of the light-fingered tribe looked awkwardly, and with an embarrassed air at me: I saw that he was disconcerted by an unfortunate fish, which, still semi-animate, was making desperate struggles to escape from his pocket."

After all, we have but poorly exemplified a publication which has pleased us much, and which, we are sure, will universally please, as a very varied specimen of polite and elegant literature.

## THE SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.

*The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom: an Ancient Interlude. With an Appendix of Illustrations of Shakspeare and the Early English Drama.* Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., &c. 8vo.

MR. HALLIWELL'S edition of Henry IV., which we noticed last year as a most valuable addition to dramatic criticism, is now followed by the publication of another ms. from Sir Edward Dering's archives, kindly entrusted to the editor by that liberal-minded baronet. Such liberality is not sufficiently common amongst our aristocracy to be passed over in silence, and we therefore add our meed of approbation to Sir Edward Dering, at the same time expressing a hope that his collections will furnish many another volume to our dramatic history, under the vigilant care of the able editor to whom the work now published has been confided. The Shakspeare Society cannot employ its funds better than by printing rare mss. absolutely inaccessible to the student. We are afraid they have not always done so wisely, and beg to suggest that plays of the seventeenth century, the original copies of which can readily be procured for a few shillings, are not exactly what are required. Reprints of plays already reprinted should also be avoided. We observe in this list, "Ralf Roister Doister," a play twice reprinted within the last few years, and always to be bought for half-a-crown. Publishing societies should have the interest of the student in view, for do what they will, they may rest assured they will never make their works really popular. The attempt is vain, and is altogether inconsistent with the gravity which should accompany the operations of such bodies.

The "Marriage of Wit and Wisdom" may be briefly described as one of the crude interludes which preceded the time of Shakspeare. There is some comic merit in it, and Mr. Halliwell suggests it may have furnished a hint to Shakspeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor." We can scarcely agree with him, although there is certainly one character which bears a distant resemblance to Dr. Caius. We suspect, however, it is a fanciful conjecture, and must be left in Mr. Halliwell's own imagination, too prone to find models for Shakspeare which never entered the study of our great dramatic poet. There are some peculiarities of construction in the piece which deserve a passing notice; but we do not observe any material for extracts. In fact, we have merely called attention

to it because we have not for a length of time noticed the labours of the Shakspeare Society, and do not wish to leave them entirely out of our range of criticism.

It should be added, that the public are indebted to the Rev. L. B. Larking for the discovery of the mss. now printed, and for its communication to the Shakspeare Society through Mr. Halliwell. Mr. Larking had, of course, the very best interests of literature at heart when he did so; but it seems that there are certain pieces of ribaldry in the interlude, and we have been requested by Mr. Larking to state that he desired the rigid exclusion of all such passages, but that through some mistake the intimation was not distinctly made to Mr. Halliwell. The retaining of such passages could only affect Mr. Larking as a clergyman, and not Mr. Halliwell. We therefore have much pleasure in making Mr. Larking's very proper wishes public, and throwing the entire responsibility of the text upon the editor.

*The Conquest of Scinde: a Commentary.* By Lieut.-Col. Outram, C.B., Resident at Sattarah. Part I. General Sir C. Napier's Negotiations with the Ameers. 8vo, pp. 322. Blackwoods.

THE bitter dispute between the author and Sir Charles Napier (including, as a literary ally of the latter, his brother William) has long agitated the Indian press; and we hardly recollect any difference of the kind which has led to more intemperate and angry language. Espousing the cause of the Ameers, Col. Outram charges his opponent with driving them into resistance by oppression, and then visiting their offence by the mere brute force of military execution: thus conquering Scinde at the expense of true policy and national honour. In return, the General and his brother charge the Political Agent with incapacity and insubordination to superior authority; and he, unable longer to endure such imputations, has here rushed into print with half his case, reserving the remainder for speedy publication. We do not feel ourselves in a condition to pronounce judgment on the whole points at issue; but we are competent to say that the present is a very able exposition.

*Michelet's Jesuits.* Cheap Edition. Translated by C. Cocks, B.L. Longmans.

WE have only to note the issue of this exceedingly popular exposure of the Jesuits, at a price to suit the pockets of all classes.

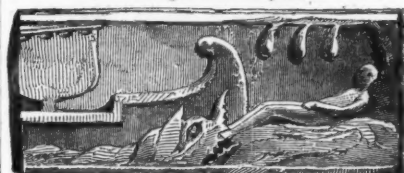
## CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

[In continuation, and conclusion.]

OUR first notice of this very interesting work led us into the chapter on the origin and progress of Christian art, which we illustrated by a long extract and engraving of Jonah being cast into the jaws of the fish. The escape or resurrection of the "wee cappit prophet," as Zachary Boyd calls him, from that living entombment, is also described and represented in an equally curious manner.

"In subterranean chapels (says Dr. Maitland), where the living were separated from the dead by a mere tile or slab of stone, and sometimes liable to be mingled with them by the violence of their enemies, even before the conclusion of their worship, the hope of a future life naturally occupied a prominent place in their creed. The words, 'I believe in the resurrection of the dead,' must have resounded with solemn import through those dreary caves; and all that could help a trembling faith to seize the joyful reality was eagerly adopted. Jonah escaping from the whale, or reclining beneath the gourd, may be every where seen, at first scratched upon the walls, and afterwards sculptured on sarcophagi. In the emblem of a risen saint, the sins and sorrows of the original hero were forgotten, and the gourd, copied from a species still sold in the Roman market, represented less the ephemeral protection of the complaining prophet than the cool foliage of Paradise. At times the latter part of the history is still more condensed; the ship,

the whale, and the gourd, signifying earth, hades, and heaven, are brought into one point of view:



the subject of the awful adventure, but just ejected from the ship, and scarcely extricated from the jaws of the monster, is already overshadowed by the ripened fruit. In this small fragment of marble the Christian of ancient times might trace his own career: his passage from the unstable element too well expressing his present life, through the gate of death, not inaptly represented by the terrible monster, suffered to engorge, though not to retain, its prey; to a land beyond those swelling floods, where the head of the tempest-tossed wanderer rests on the root of that plant whose fruit protects him from the angry sun."

The Noachic history is traced, and it is shewn that the early sculptures and paintings of the Christian Deucalion were borrowed from that classic hero and the pagan accounts of him, and do not at all agree with the Biblical narrative. The Good Shepherd also, a character appropriated by the Saviour, was an emblem not unknown to Paganism; and Pan or Mercury sat for the original. It is observable that no painful or gloomy subjects occur in the cycle of early Christian art—the horrible martyrdoms belong to much more modern times. As for century-honoured portraits, they are all declared to be imaginary inventions; for St. Augustine overturns the fables by expressly declaring that no authentic portraits of the Holy Family, or of the Apostles, were in existence; and Dr. M. adds:

"Since no likenesses of our Lord were possessed by the orthodox up to the fourth century, it becomes a question of some difficulty, whence they procured the type which was almost universally received in the fifth. Perhaps the best answer to the question is to be found in the fact, that the early church preserved traditional descriptions of the persons of our Saviour, St. Peter, and St. Paul. The popular sentiment regarding these being once embodied in painting, nothing remained but to copy and perpetuate it; and the first study may have served as a model to the whole school of Christian art in Rome. The painting of which an engraving is here given is supposed to be the earliest professed portrait of our Lord extant; it was found in a chapel in the cemetery of Callistus, and is considered to belong to the end of the fourth century."

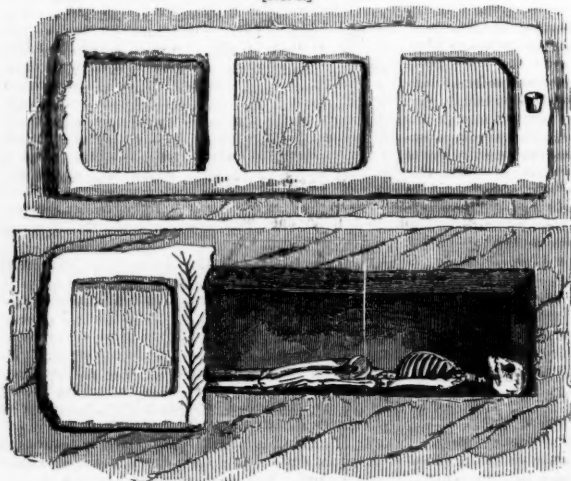


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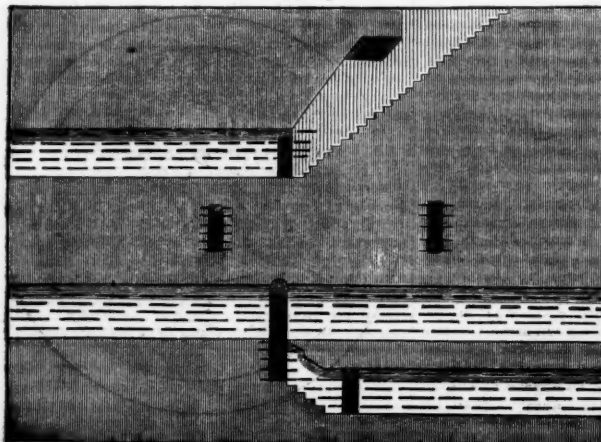
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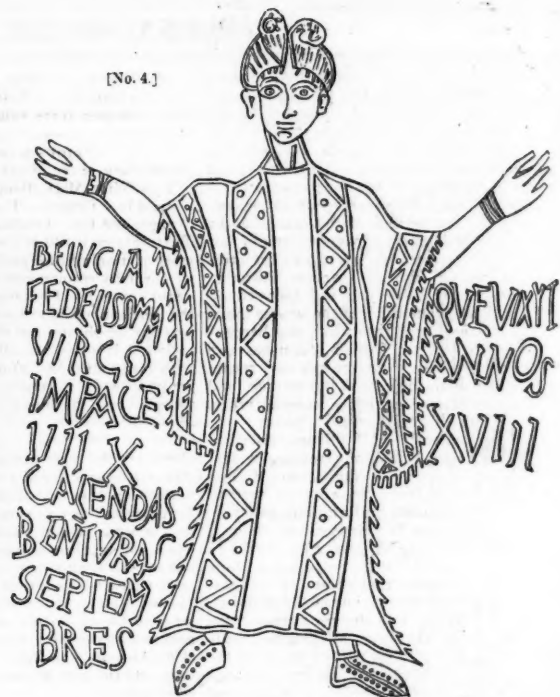
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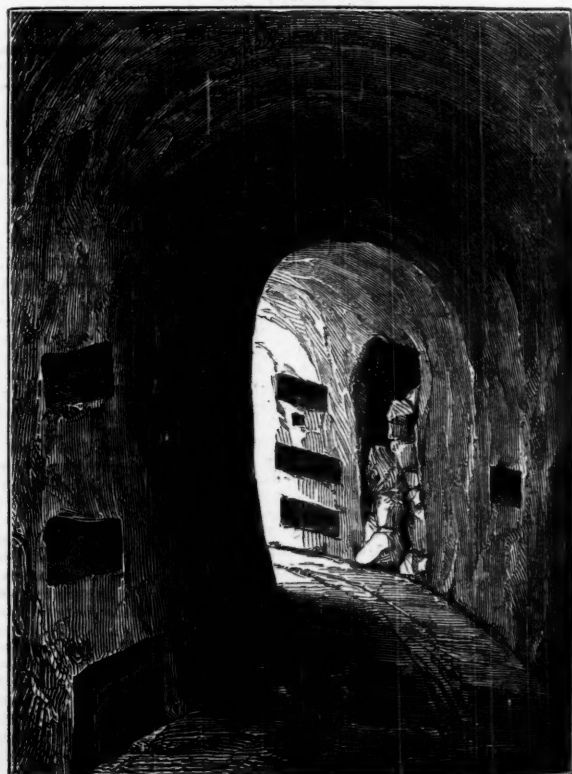
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given to Christ is copied from that of the Jupiter Tonans of the Vatican Museum: the two agree in majesty and tranquil benevolence; but beyond this a likeness can scarcely be traced. Nor do the Gnostic gems furnish the original of the above picture, which we must regard as a conventional representation, invented in the fourth century."

The subject of early church-architecture we must pass by, though the perusal of the text and the view of the cuts will amply repay the reader; nor can we go into the (to us) yet more attractive questions connected with the earliest Christian poetry introduced by Prudentius and followed up by Paulinus. The degeneration of the truly catholic Agape or Love-feast into revels like the Bacchanalia, and orgies like the Cerealia, furnishes also some extraordinary matter; but we can only return to the more immediate objects of the volume, and add a few further illustrations of the catacomb relics.

No. 1 is a picture of a Roman "Navy," copied from the cemetery of Callistus, inscribed "Diogenes the Piosor," and representing a person of low class excavating a vault. No. 2, Two graves, copied from Boldetti, shewing the method of interment. No. 3 exhibits the form of the galleries.

No. 4 "is copied from D'Agincourt, by whom it was discovered: the original was nine inches in height. This carefully-finished production exhibits exactly the dress of unmarried women at the time. Notwithstanding Tertullian's vehement treatise on the Veiling of Virgins, and the restrictions concerning their dress laid down by Cyprian, little attention seems to have been paid to either by the friends of Bellicia. The dress of the figure consists of the *stola instita*, or fringed cloak, ornamented shoes, and an arrangement of the hair marking the times of the later emperors. The posture is that described by Tertullian as proper to prayer: in this particular the Christians copied the Pagans, who prayed to the *Dii superi* (celestial gods) with their hands turned upwards; but addressed the infernal deities with their hands turned downwards. So Virgil represents his hero as praying with his hands stretched out to heaven: 'Duplices tendens ad sidera palmas.' This posture must have materially limited the length of their prayers. The praying figure is always of the same sex as the person buried beneath it."

No. 5 represents the usual appearance of the interior of a catacomb; and the following cut is another example of a female figure in a praying attitude, which occurred on a sarcophagus of costly workmanship, scratched with a chisel, and filled in with red.



The only fault we have to find with the publication is a rare one. We think it too short, and wish there had been three volumes instead of one.

#### CURIOUS MEDICAL SYSTEM.

*Commentary on the Hindu System of Medicine.* By T. A. Wise, M.D., Bengal Medical Service. 8vo, pp. 431. Calcutta, Thacker and Co., Ostell, Le-page, and Co.; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

This volume is full of very curious matter, though most of it only fit for professional readers, to whom we cordially recommend its singular and miscellaneous contents. The Oriental history of medicine, the notions of physiology, the therapeutics, the practice of physic, and the characters and classification of diseases, are all detailed, and present us with many strange features, either to compare or contrast with European science. Air, bile, and phlegm (also the blood), are striking elements in all their disorders, and medicines "to assist the influence of the Soul" in correcting and controlling them, are the most common of their prescriptions. The native practice now is in a lamentable state of depression throughout Hindustan; though it was far otherwise as cultivated by the ancient Hindus, and very few of the moderns are acquainted with their old medical shāstras. But it is not within our province, in a popular journal, to enter upon questions of diagnosis or prognosis. We are glad to find one chapter on the order of diseases which we can quote entire, and which cannot fail to amuse every reader with the opinions respecting "*Bhūtonmāda*," for such is the name for *devil-madness*, and the cure of possessed persons afflicted with that malady.

"There are (say these grave authorities) two kinds of spiritual beings, a good and a bad spirit, which are supposed to enter the body and to produce disease. These are called *Bhūtonmāda* (devil-madness), and *Debonmāda* (madness produced by good spirits). When produced by attack of devils, the person shews his aversion to every thing divine, is very strong, and has much knowledge; and when from the entrance of good spirit (or *Debtā*) the person has a pleasure in flowers and good smells, becomes pure and holy, and is inclined to speak Sanskrit. He obeys brāhmins with strictness, and looks courageous. There are no intermissions in these forms of madness. Devils know the present, the future, and what is hid or unknown. They are never at rest; and they are employed in different kinds of business. An unclean or wounded person, or those who do not perform their ceremonies, may be injured by devils. They are very numerous and powerful, and are usually considered as the attendants or servants of *Shiva*. This explains how the energy and work of the affected person is much beyond that of man; his mind is now powerful, his knowledge extensive, and he understands the shāstras. Sometimes the person appears sane, and at another time is mad. Such madness is produced by a devil, which is known by the unnatural motion of the person's eyelids. There are eight principal devils that torment the human species.

"1. When *Debagraha*, or good spirit, enters a body, the person is always happy and contented, remains clean in his person, and wears garlands of the sacred flowers, &c.; his person has a pleasant smell, and he has no sleep. He speaks Sanskrit correctly. The person is strong, his eyes remain fixed, and he blesses those who approach him. He has a great love for brāhmins, and performs the prescribed ceremonies, and attends to old customs of his ancestry. 2. *Asuragraha*. They are the enemies of the *Debtās*. When the person is possessed with them, he perspires much, speaks of the bad conduct of the brāhmins and the *Debtās*. His eyes are turned and fixed, he has no fear, and is always performing bad actions. He is a glutton, is not pleased with his food and drink, and is always mischievous. 3. *Gandarbagraha*. The person possessed with this devil is always happy, prefers living in an island, near the bank of a river,

or in the jungle; and his conduct is good. He is fond of singing, of sweet smells, and of looking at flowers. He is fond of dancing and laughing. These are the choristers of heaven (demigods), who wear sacred flowers, put marks on their person, and have a great love for adorning their persons. They speak little, but properly and agreeably. 4. *Jakshyagraha*. This class of demigods are fabled to superintend the treasures and gardens of heaven. When he enters the body, the person's eyes become yellowish red like copper. They wear thin red clothes, talk little, but are profoundly intelligent, and have much patience; such a person walks fast, is never revengeful, though very strong, and is always wanting to bestow his means upon others. 5. *Pitrigraha*. These are spirits which are separated after death from the bodies of mankind. When an ancestor thus enters the body, the person is always preparing prayers for them, and performing the different ceremonies (*shrāddha*) for ancestors. Such a patient is quiet and peaceable, and is fond of animal food and sweetmeats. 6. *Sarpagraha*. When the serpent-devil enters the body, the person walks irregularly, or from one side to another like a serpent; his tongue is thrust from one side of the mouth to the other; and he is passionate, and is fond of treacle, honey, and sweetmeats. 7. *Rākshyagraha*, or cannibal-devil. When one of these devils enters the body of a person, he is fond of eating flesh, blood, and wine. He has no shame, his appearance is disagreeable, and he is very strong and passionate. Such a person walks about at night, is unclean, and is always performing bad actions. 8. *Pishācha*, or fiend, is known to have entered the body by the person always stretching out his hands. His body is thin, and is disagreeable to look upon, and he speaks fast, and without meaning. His body has a disagreeable smell, and he is unclean, restless, and covetous. Such a person eats much, prefers living in jungles and retired places; he walks with an unnatural motion of the limbs, and is sorrowful, and frequently cries.

"The unfavourable symptoms of such persons possessed with devils are, his eyes are swollen, he walks fast, and his tongue is passed rapidly, and continually, from one side of the mouth to the other; he is always sleepy, and sometimes falls down; and at other times he is affected with severe shivering. When the madness is produced by falls from high places, such as from elephants, or trees, they are more difficult to cure. It is also dangerous in old age, and when hereditary. When the disease has continued 13 years it will not be cured. The devils invade the body of persons on different days, according to the species. *Debtās* invade at full moon, and devils (*Asur*) enter in the morning and evening. The *Gandarba* enters on the eighth, and *Jakshya* on the first day of the moon. *Sarpagraha*, or serpent-devils, enter on the fifth day after new and full moon. *Rākshyasa* enter at night. *Pishācha* enter on the 15th day after new and full moon. We cannot see when a spirit enters the body, in the same manner as the soul enters and leaves the body without being seen; as light enters the water in a glass, or as heat or cold enters a body, without our being aware how it takes place. *Urmāda* and *Bhūtonmāda* are said to be cured when the functions of the sense, judgment, and heart are restored to a perfect state, and the tissues are natural.

"Treatment.—During the cure the patient should be treated kindly. A physician should commence the cure of a person possessed with a devil by cleaning and anointing his body with mustard-oil; he should be dressed in new clothes, and he should repeat the proper prayers, and act agreeably to the shāstras, so as to satisfy the devil (*graha*) who is the cause of the madness. The usual red and white pigments are to be applied over the forehead, red clothing and garlands of red shoe-flower are to be worn, and honey, ghee, flesh, wine, milk, and articles of food are to be presented, for performing the *pūjā* with. Some *graha* are satisfied with wine,

some with goat's milk, &c., as stated in the *shāstras*. From the day of the invasion, find out when the devil will destroy the person, as each has a day particularly consecrated to him, and on that day use the proper means for removing the devil. The *pūjā* is to be performed at the temple of one of the gods, by the physician, who, if possible, conveys there the person diseased: a fire is prepared, and flesh, &c. are thrown upon it, with suitable prayers. Some *kusa* grass (used for funerals) is to be sprinkled over the ground, a preparation of coloured ground rice, a cake of unleavened bread, ghee, and an umbrella is to be given to the devil. A mixture of sugar, milk, and rice boiled is also to be presented. When devils (*Asur*) afflict a person, the above remedies are to be administered in the square of the house. The removal of *Rākshasas* devils is to be accomplished at the meeting of four roads, and in deep jungles. The *pūjā* of *Pishācha* devils is to be performed in empty houses. When the devil has not been expelled by these means, with the prescribed prayers, other remedies are to be used. The smoke from leather, and hair from the skin of a bear or goat, from *asafoetida*, with goat's urine, are to be burnt, when even strong devils will be removed. The other remedies are long pepper, black pepper, dry ginger, rock-salt, *asafoetida*, myrobalan, and bach, with the urine of goats, and the bile of fishes. These are to be used as emetics. Ghee and oil should be prepared, with the faeces, skin, hair, fat, urine, blood, bile, and nails of the following animals: a lion, tiger, bear, cat, leopard, elephant, horse, and cow. These are to be mixed and used for anointing the body with, as emetics, or cold cream is to be mixed with these. Numerous other mixtures of the same kind are also used in this disease. Persons not liable to be afflicted by devils are, prophets, charitable persons, those who speak the truth, and those who attend to the orders of the *shāstras*, and perform particular duties, and employ proper terms in addressing holy men. Those who have the eight qualities of the body are always pure, humble, and wise, visit holy places, always govern their passions, and speak the truth; and those who pray, and attend to the prescribed ceremonies, and are charitable, over such persons devils have no power. Devils only go about at night, and they live under their eight chiefs, on blood, fat, flesh, and disgusting animals.

This is queer enough stuff, and will raise a laugh at the expense of Hindu medicating; but are we quite sure that they may not have a laugh at us in their turn—at our homoeopathy, hydropathy, and undefinable insanities,\* not to mention fifty other quackeries? There is yet much mystery and darkness in the world, and not confined to India; though we have rather given up the direct agency of Old Nick in our medical and legal system. The Asiatics still stick to it; for "the diseases (they proceed to enforce upon us) produced by devils are numerous, as they not only enabled the practitioner to account for various and unusual forms of diseases which they did not understand, but also afforded a favourable opportunity for the brāhmins to reap a rich harvest from the ignorant people. I have before given a full account of these devils, from its forming such a curious chapter of the history of medicine. Infants are supposed to be liable to be affected, by nine kinds of spirits or devils, which may assume various forms at will. They are produced from the mother or the nurse having

\* For the cure of madness, the Hindu doctor prescribes "cleansing, and anointing of the body with mustard-oil: of eating ghee for some days; and then strong purgatives and emetics are to be given, with emetics and mustard-oil. Curious or wonderful exhibitions are to be made before the patient; and he should be informed of the death of relatives and friends. He should also be frightened by the alarm of robbers, by the approach of elephants and harmless serpents. The person should be beat with a whip when he acts improperly; and he should live on light food, such as barley and congee-water, made agreeable by the addition of carminatives." But it is humanely added (and it is a very short while since we acquired a sense of this truth in England): "During the cure, the person should be treated, as much as possible, with kindness and consideration."

committed certain improprieties, by which the devil enters their bodies in order to amuse himself. When a devil distresses an infant, it becomes depressed in spirits, and starts from fear. The eyes of the child swell; he cries; his fingers are contracted; and at other times he tears his body and clothes with his nails, and bites with his teeth both himself and nurse. The child turns his face to one side, and moves about his eyes; grinds his teeth together; makes a noise like a person who cannot speak from the severity of the disease; and he frequently yawns. His eyelids and eyebrows are in continual movement, and the two fore-teeth and lips remain shut, and foam proceeds from the mouth. The child becomes thinner, cannot sleep, his eyes swell, has frequent motions, and an unnatural noise proceeds from the throat. The smell of the body resembles that of blood or flesh; and the child will not take his usual food. These are the usual symptoms indicating the presence of a devil."

With this we must leave the volume, repeating that it is an extremely curious one, to the taste of the public, and especially to the profession of which it treats, affording much information.

#### FRENCH SPORTING.

*An Introduction to the Field-Sports of France, &c.* By R. O'Connor, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 304. J. Murray.

SPORTING, in the English acceptance of the term, is so little understood by our neighbours in France, that we scarcely care to know how they set about getting game-provender for the spit or pot. Our barrister-at-law, however, has made a legal pursuit of it, and laid the whole case before the public, *in extensu*, from wild boar to bleak. The hunting, shooting, and fishing, in several parts of France, are eliminated under his pen; but we can start or catch so little wherewith to inform our confreres of the hunter, gun, and rod, that we may as well leave his volume as a "suggestive" one to persons who may have occasion to ruralise in France. *Stag-hunting* may be a change to some of them from *chasser to chassés*, turned *vice versa*; and they will find the chapter thereon delectable, though *dearly* paid for. The wolves offer a sport unknown to England in that beastly form; but rabbits appear to be hunted in a way unknown to us, and sufficiently butcherly and amusing. We copy a brief miscellaneous paragraph or two, without vouching: "The hare is a short-lived animal: they scarcely ever live more than eight or nine years, and are full grown at one year old. The period of gestation is thirty-one days, and the doe generally has two young ones, and occasionally three or four. It is very curious that if a hare has more than one, they each have a white star on the forehead, which they retain for a considerable time; but if she has but one it has no star. This is well ascertained, and is a curious fact. She suckles them for about three weeks, and then leaves them in the best and safest place she can find to take care of themselves."

"The French forests and woods are sometimes so extensive and so impenetrable that there is no possibility of shooting the woodcocks in them. In such cases they can be only obtained by stratagem, founded upon an acquaintance with their habits. The woodcock quits the cover at the dusk of the evening, goes into the snipe haunts and marshes in the neighbourhood, or to springs or such like localities, and spends the night on the feed. It returns in the morning, just before day-break, to the cover, where it spends the day. Before it returns into the cover it uniformly pays a visit to some pond, spring, or rivulet, where it washes its feet and bill, and makes its *toilette* for the day: this is never neglected; and it is only necessary to find out these places (which is easily done, by observing their tracks and other marks they usually leave of a very conspicuous character), and to attend there just before day-break, to obtain several nice shots."

"It is a curious fact that most sporting dogs have an unaccountable antipathy to the woodcock, and seldom fetch it willingly. When there is any hitch about finding a dead bird, the best way is to wave ceremony, and step for it yourself; more especially as they sometimes stick in the branches of trees in falling, and such places should always be carefully examined when a bird is known to have dropped and cannot be discovered."

"*La Bartavelle*.—This is the largest partridge known, and is fully twice the size of the grey partridge: it much resembles the red partridge, but its call is more continuous, and of a peculiarly monotonous tone: hence its name from *bartaveu*, which in Languedoc signifies the noise of a mill. This bird is wilder than the red partridge. It frequents mountainous and woody countries; and as it takes very long flights, it is a most laborious and fatiguing pursuit to follow them. They are found in the mountainous districts of Hérault, Aude, Cantal, Puy-de-Dôme, Haute-Loire, and Ardèche, and in the Pyrenees and the Alps. They are also very plenty in Italy, and in the Mediterranean islands. The *bartavelle* is the Greek partridge."

*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.* With Elocutions by Thomas Carlyle. Supplement to the first Edition. 8vo, pp. 224. Chapman and Hall. HONOURABLE to the author and publisher, this separate volume (incorporated with the second edition) has been produced for the purchasers of the first. It consists of documents which have come to light since the former publication, and which are edited in the same manner, style, and spirit, by Mr. Carlyle. There is nothing in it to alter opinions already formed on the work.

*Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas.* By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," "The White Slave," &c. Vol. III. Pp. 381. Newby. It is a rare bit for an author to get up a feud with an emperor. After he has knocked him down to annihilation, or *spiffication*, as the Americans have it, he is nevertheless at him again and again, blow after blow, and utter destruction after utter destruction; till every body is more than satisfied except the individual who can find a sale for another book. In this volume we have the old story: the emperor is the wickedest and most vindictive tyrant that ever lived—*nulla virtute redemptus*; his ministers and officials are all as bad as he; and tyranny, treachery, poisoning, run roughshod over the Russian empire. Sir M. Montefiore tells a different story. *Jam satis.*

*The War in India. Despatches of Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, and Sir H. Smith, Bart.* 8vo, pp. 194. London, Ollivier.

THE publisher deserves public thanks for this volume to preserve in a fitting form the history of the fearful struggle of the Punjab. Sir H. Smith's despatches in particular are as graphic as ever were written from Cæsar to the present day.

*The Works of W. Jay, collected and revised by Himself.* Vol. X. Pp. 535. C. A. Bartlett.

THE popularity of Mr. Jay's religious works, their piety, and their appropriateness for family devotions, are demonstrated by their great circulation, even in the extended form to which the collection reaches. Here is the tenth volume.

#### Bohn's Standard Library.

THE last volume and an extra volume present us with republications of two very popular works, viz. Grammont's *Memoirs*, and Schlegel's *Dramatic Literature*. The choice is excellent.

*Observations on Kentish Ragstone as a Building Material.* By J. Whichcote, jun. Pp. 40. London, J. Weale.

READ at the Institute of British Architects, and pointing out the value of the stone in question for London buildings. The quarries extend for about thirty miles round Sevenoaks, Maidstone, Lenham, &c.



## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 3d and 17th.—Mr. L. Horner, president, in the chair. A paper begun at the first of these meetings, "On the silurian and associated rocks in Dalecarlia; and on the succession from lower to upper silurian in Smoland, Oland, and Gothland, and in Scania," by Sir R. I. Murchison, was concluded at the second. It completes the series of communications which the author has made to the Geological Society of London concerning Norway and Sweden, and is the result of a survey made by M. de Verneuil and himself during the last summer. After an introductory explanation, it was shewn that the lowest sedimentary deposits containing organic remains in Dalecarlia belong exclusively to the same lower silurian group which has been described in various parts of Scandinavia and Russia. In Dalecarlia, however, these strata have been so dismembered by the intrusion of igneous rocks, that a regular sequence of all the subdivisions is nowhere visible. The igneous rocks consist of varieties of granite and porphyry, the latter ranging to the west of the silurian strata, and occupying an extensive tract (Elf Dal, &c.) between the lake of Siljan on the east, and that of Wenjan on the west, where they are succeeded by wide tracts of that old red sandstone whose peculiarly broken surface has been described (in a previous memoir) as having been one of the great sources of angular erratic blocks. A sketch was then given of the geological position of the magnetic iron-ores at Bisberg and Dannemora, which, notwithstanding their apparent stratification, are considered to be true metallic veins that have been formed in the slaty azoic tracts to the north of Upsala. A detailed account was next entered into of the ascending order in which the silurian strata are exhibited to the geologist who proceeds from the mainland of Sweden, in the province of Smoland, to the islands of Oland and Gothland. The lowest sandstone is seen, in Smoland, to rest on crystalline azoic rocks, and also crops out on the north-western shore of Oland, where it is overlaid to the S.E., first by alum schists, and next by the well-known orthoceratite limestone or marble of that tract, in which occur all the typical lower silurian fossils of these northern countries. Among them are certain orthidæ (notably the *Orthis calligramma*) which characterise the lower silurian rocks of Britain. The island of Gothland (upwards of eighty miles in length) is exclusively upper silurian; and the lowest strata are nodular shales, which are surmounted by coralline and encrinurite limestone, both of which are charged with numerous shells, corals, and crinoids, identical with those found in the Wenlock shale and limestone of England. Every geologist (from Hisinger downwards) who has visited Gothland has considered all its limestones to be of one age; but, in passing from N.W. to S.E., Sir R. Murchison and M. de Verneuil convinced themselves that this long island presents a succession from lower to higher beds. Seeing that, in the central portion of the island (near Klinte), a limestone ridge contains a pentamerus (*Gypidia conchidium*, His.), very closely allied to *P. Knightii*, which is now detected in the northern limestone near Wisby, and that this shell is accompanied by abundant specimens of *Terebratula Wilsoni*, and further observing that this Klinte limestone reposes on shale and flagstone, containing some species of orthoceratites similar to those of the lower Ludlow rock of England, Sir R. Murchison is disposed to believe that this calcareous band represents the Aymestry limestone; though, at the same time, he states that the country is so low, the coast-sections are so discontinuous, and the surface is so much obscured by northern detritus, as to offer no physical evidence of such a succession. On approaching, however, the southern and south-eastern portions of the island, he felt assured that he had reached unquestionable higher strata; not merely because the lithological character of the rocks was

entirely dissimilar to those of the northern and central parts of the island, and consisted of pisolite, oolite, and psammite sandstone, but by finding in these strata several species of shells highly characteristic of the upper Ludlow rocks of England, and which are wholly unknown in the other and more northern districts of Gothland. Of nineteen species (exclusive of corals), four, indeed, were also common to the lower strata of North Gothland; but the great mass of the remainder (twelve at least) are identical with forms which specially typify the upper Ludlow and tilestone of the British Isles, and of which the *Avicula retroflexa*, *Lepetana lata* (*Chonetes sarcinulata*), *Terebratula pulchra*, and *Thurritella obsoleta*, may be here mentioned. Seeing that these peculiar oolitic and sandy strata thus contained many true Ludlow rock-species undiscoverable in North Gothland, and that they subsided very gradually to the S. or S.E., so as to pass beneath the limestone of the promontory of Hoburg (in which, with some of the same shells, were also detected one or two species of the Devonian age), the author concludes that, on the whole, the southern and south-eastern masses of the island must be referred to the upper Ludlow rocks, with indications of a passage into the Devonian system. Other authors have, on the contrary, identified the southern and northern limestones, on account of their apparent similarity in general aspect and structure; whereas a careful survey detects just that sort of zoological change which is indicated in passing upwards from the Wenlock shale and limestone into the Ludlow rocks of England, wherein several species also pervade the whole upper group. These facts (borne out by a tabular list of the Gothlandian shells, shewing their range in this island, as also in Britain) sustain the views previously expressed in the work upon Russia, that the palæozoic deposits of the Baltic occupy a vast trough, the oldest strata of which, or the lower silurian, constitute respectively the main lands of Sweden on the one side, and of Russia on the other; whilst the upper silurian deposits, strictly so defined, and of which the Wenlock limestone is the central mass, are exposed in the islands of Gothland, Oesel, &c. It is now further suggested that, from the evidences of an ascending succession in Gothland, a great mass of Devonian strata may have existed, or may, indeed, still exist, beneath the sea which separates these upper silurian islands. Lastly, a section across Scania, from east to west, explained the existence of both the lower and upper silurian groups in that southern extremity of Sweden; the former characterised by its sandstone, black alum, slate with trilobites, occasional limestone only, and graptolite schist; the latter by coralline limestone, shale, and sandstone, with *Avicula retroflexa*, *Cypricardia*, &c. It was further stated that, whilst the agnostus or *Battus pisiformis*, so abundant in this horizon, in many other parts of Sweden, and also in the lower silurian flags of England, occurs in the inferior alumslates of Andrarum, the *Battus tuberculatus* of the uppermost Ludlow rock of England is found in the calcareous flagstones of the superior group of Scania, near Olved Kloster. In conclusion, Sir Roderick took a general review of the application of the silurian system of Britain to Russia and Scandinavia; and shewed that, although many of the species of fossils in various contiguous foreign tracts varied as much as in different districts of England, the lower and upper silurian groups were there, as in our own islands, distinctly recognisable by their typical fossils; the former being seen, both in Scandinavia and Russia, to pass downwards into strata with very few organic remains, and finally into shale and sandstone containing furoids only; whilst the latter were indisputably of the age of the Wenlock or Dudley and Ludlow rocks. Hence he entirely dissented from a recent proposal of Prof. Sedgwick to re-arrange these two natural palæozoic groups in a triple series, in which a Cambrian group was (on account of its great physical development in Wales

and Cumberland) to be considered the base; for as no class of peculiar fossils has been shewn to exist in these Cambrian rocks (all their characteristic fossils being published lower silurian types), Sir R. Murchison contends that his classification ought to be sustained, more particularly as its truthfulness has been rendered much more apparent by an appeal to foreign countries, in which an azoic base-line for all these deposits clearly proves that the lower silurian is the "protozoic" group. This view was supported by numerous arguments and illustrations, and by a reference to the discoveries in existing seas by Prof. E. Forbes—points, however, which cannot be explained in this brief abstract of a long memoir.

A paper by Mr. T. Salter was read, announcing the discovery of the genus *Chiton* in silurian rocks of Ireland.

A notice by Mr. Smith was read, giving an account of a portion of the tooth of the *Elephas primigenius* having been found in detritus in the small island of Gozo, near Malta.

This was the last meeting of the session.

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

HAVING already noticed Mr. Beard's improvements in photography, we accepted Mr. Claudet's invitation to inspect his collection of daguerreotypes, his mode of operation, and the results of his labours. Mr. Claudet appears to have pursued the art with much careful study, and to have been greatly successful in his efforts to overcome the practical difficulties of the process. One novelty, and an important one, established by him and communicated to the Royal Society is, that the visual focus and photogenic focus are not identical even in the best achromatic lenses; nor are they for an hour together in the same relation to each other. Hence, in practice, frequent test is necessary to obtain the true focal distance; and to this end he has invented an ingenious instrument, a movable quartered disc. Each division, as arranged, has a distinct focus. The nearest to the camera is set to the sight; but the second, or third, or fourth, as it may be, affords the most perfect photogenic image; and their respective distances enable the operator to ascertain the most favourable and correct position for the plate to receive the complete energies of the rays. Mr. Claudet employs also hand-screens to modify the reflecting powers of the face, hands, white portions of the dress, &c., so as to induce equable action, and to produce the full effects of natural relief. His arrangements, moreover, notwithstanding many practical hindrances, are made always to produce non-inverted portraits; that is, likenesses according to natural position of right and left, and not as sitters see themselves in looking-glasses. These and other minor improvements were described and exhibited to us, and the consequent advance in photographic art is marked. We no longer see the flat unmeaning faces, with outline correct, but features confused or distorted. Scientific adjustment and artistic treatment have obviated this; and the productions are now in higher relief, and with the lights and shades of nature. An admirable likeness of Faraday had just been taken, also one of Faraday and Brande together. We should much like to see the latter engraved: it would be greatly prized. In conclusion, we should not omit to mention the successful colouring of the daguerreotype by M. Mangan, associated with Mr. Claudet. His productions approach more nearly to the highly-finished miniature than any we have yet seen.

## EXPLORATION OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

Four Jesuits, viz. Bishop Casolani, Fathers Kyllio, Knoblich, and Vinco, are about to leave Rome for a journey of exploration and civilisation in Sweden. Casolani and Kyllio will start from Cairo in January next—having previously obtained a firman from Constantinople—and proceeding through Upper Egypt and Nubia, thence by Kordofan, and Dar-

four, hope to reach Bornou, where they expect to meet their brethren, who travel by way of Tripoli and Mourzok. Should they be so fortunate as to meet in Bornou, it will then be determined which route will be followed; they have fully determined to accomplish what they have undertaken or perish in the attempt. From the high character and ability of all the parties, great hopes are entertained of the result of this journey. Bishop Casolani, a Maltese, a British subject by birth, is a man of extensive learning, speaking the Arabic with the greatest fluency, and having an intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of the East. Father Rylo, by birth a Pole, is well known as the medium by which the nuns of Minsk communicated their misfortunes to the world; he was also very favourably known in Syria, where he resided for a length of time among the Druses, and had so much influence among them as to excite the jealousy of the French, who succeeded in procuring his expulsion from Syria. In connexion with this subject, we announce with satisfaction the return of Mr. John Duncan the African traveller, who, during his recent journey in Dahomey, was most favourably received by the king of that country. Mr. Duncan, we understand, brings to England a proposal from that chief for the total suppression of the slave-trade.

## GREAT ECLIPSE.

THE following is from the latest *New York Sun*, with a few redundancies lopped off:

Sagua la Grande, Island of Cuba, May 30, 1846.

Our place of observation here is in north latitude 22° 50' 29", west longitude (from Greenwich) 80° 4' 31". The eclipse commenced at 9h. 42m. 30s. A.M., sky clear, Fahrenheit's thermometer at 79°. As the time of total darkness approached, all animated nature gave signs of approaching night, man only excepted. He of course repaired to the most favourable points of observation; but the gala-day amusements which usually accompany a general turn-out here were wanting on this occasion. The hilarity and mirth of our gay Dons and Senoras gave place to indications of chastened feelings and emotions of awe at this sublime evidence of Almighty Power. The slaves abandoned their occupations, and in many cases they might be seen on their knees, worshipping our great Creator. The darkness came upon us gradually, and at seventeen minutes past eleven the sun was totally obscured! There stood the moon, covering the whole face of the sun, and presenting the appearance of a great black ball in the heavens, with rays of light diverging from behind it. The rays gave out a pale aurora-like reflection upon the earth, resembling that cast by the moon when half full. This lasted only fifty seconds, and at a little past twelve the eclipse ended. There was no perceptible change in the thermometer. A few scientific gentlemen from London and Paris, sent out by their respective governments, came to take observations, and have been highly pleased with the result, the day being altogether favourable. They had all the necessary instruments with them, and will no doubt publish an interesting statement to the scientific world.

Beginning of eclipse	9h. 42m. 30s. A.M.
" " darkness	11 17 0
End " "	11 18 19
" eclipse	0 59 0 P.M.
Duration of darkness	0 0 50
" " eclipse	3 18 0

Fahrenheit's thermometer at commencement, 79°, without any perceptible change during the eclipse, after which, however, it continued to rise for some hours. I was much amused by the remark of an Aragon, one of my labourers. The poor fellow, in his zeal not to have Aragon outdone, said he had frequently seen eclipses of the sun at night, when he was at home, and affirmed it with great seriousness.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Medicine.*—T. K. Chambers, Christ Ch. Coll. *Masters of Arts.*—H. W. Toms, Rev. C. R. Bird, J. R. Major, Exeter College; Rev. S. C. Clarke, St. Mary Hall; E. East, Magdalen Hall; T. R. Bennett, Christ Ch. Coll.; Rev. T. Knox, St. John's Coll.; Rev. H. N. Lloyd, scholar, Rev. W. Powell, Jesus College; Rev. A. G. Woolward, Rev. O. A. Hodgson, Magdalen College; Rev. A. C. Rowley, Wadham College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—R. Rice, Queen's College; R. S. Oldham, Wadham College; G. C. Butler, Oriel College.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the year ensuing, viz.:

For Latin verse: *Turris Londinensis.* For an English essay: The political and social benefits of the Reformation in England. For a Latin essay: *Quatenus reipublice intersit, ut jurisprudentia Romanorum inter literas fere humaniores colenda proponatur.*

Sir Roger Newdigate's prize: Prince Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden.

CAMBRIDGE, June 25th.—F. Webb, M.A., Trinity Coll., Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem* Emmanuel College.

Sir William Browne's three gold medals, to be given annually for the best Greek and Latin epigrams, were adjudged as follows:—

Greek ode: subject, "Corinthus," to B. F. Westcott, of Trinity College. Latin ode: subject, "Hesperie mala luctuosa," to J. C. Wright, of King's College (Browne's medalist 1845). Epigrams: Greek subject, "Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidentia,"—Latin subject, "Magnas inter opes inops,"—to A. A. Vansittart, scholar of Trinity College.

## BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

June 24th. Meeting of Council.—After the election of associates and announcement of presents received, Mr. Waller exhibited a curious medieval ornament in brass, and a rubbing from a sepulchral brass of the date 1401, representing a figure of a personage whose girdle terminates with an ornament exactly similar, so as to leave no doubt of its use. Mr. Gomonde exhibited a tracing from a painting on the back of the sedilia in the church of St. Mary de Crypt at Gloucester, the subject of which had been a matter of some discussion. It has since been suggested that it was intended to represent the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon. Mr. Wright read part of a letter from Dr. Holt Yates, communicating the inscription on a cross, bearing the date 1191, and apparently referring to the captivity of King Richard I.; it stands much mutilated in the market-place of Braithwell, near Conisborough Castle, in Yorkshire, and appears by the words which can be made out to be in Norman French; with a careful rubbing, the whole might be deciphered. Mr. M. A. Denham, exhibited, through Mr. Wright, a drawing of an early cross, found at Ingleby Arncliffe in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire; the body of the Saviour, which was hollow, contained two pieces of vellum, on which were written monkish charms against evil spirits, so that it was probably used in exorcising. Mr. Denham also exhibited an impression of a seal, bearing a coat of arms and the inscription *Sigillum Radulphi Welte*. Mr. T. F. Dickes communicated some notes relating to Lilleshall Abbey, Shropshire, with a drawing of a gilt plate found amongst its ruins in 1830, representing a king (David?) playing on the harp, and surrounded with cherubim and scroll ornaments. Mr. Smith read a letter from Mr. Wire of Colchester, describing another "amphora tomb" recently discovered there, containing various articles of Roman manufacture. Mr. Dennett communicated a drawing of an arrow-head of an early form, dug up in May last in Carisbrook Castle. Mr. S. Wright communicated, through Mr. Croker, a drawing of a very elegantly ornamented bronze goblet, found near Watergrass Hill in Ireland. Mr. Chaffers communicated a very interesting paper on the circumstances connected with the discovery, outside the old London wall, of a quantity of Roman coins exhibited at the last general meeting. Mr. Chaffers made some very valuable observations, which hardly admit of abridgment, on the limits of the ancient city of Londinium, and on the causes and progress of the gradual accumulation of soil over the ancient level. An elaborate paper by Mr. Richardson and

Dr. Embleton of Newcastle, on the discovery of primeval funeral deposits lately discovered in the county of Northumberland. Mr. Baylis exhibited an ancient Roman lamp and some other antiquities. Mr. E. T. Artis communicated an account of new discoveries at Castor in Northamptonshire, consisting of two Roman potters' kilns of a character differing considerably from any discovered before, with numerous specimens of the ware made in them. Mr. Smith announced that in continuing the excavations in Jewin Street, in the city, there had been discovered skeletons, with urns containing burnt bones, &c.; on the arm of one of the skeletons was a bronze armband, ornamented with serpents' heads, which Mr. Smith exhibited. Mr. Keats exhibited a parcel of Roman and medieval coins found at Ramsey in excavating for the railway. Mr. Smith exhibited a curious medieval bronze brooch with the singular inscription *ut odit me amica*.

July 1st. Public Meeting.—Mr. Pettigrew in the chair. The more important communications of the previous council meeting were read and exhibited, including those by Messrs. Chaffers, Wire, Artis, Gomonde, and Richardson. In addition to these, Mr. Halliwell read a paper on popular superstitions connected with peascods, and illustrations of passages in Shakespeare not hitherto perfectly understood.—Mr. Keats exhibited copies of paintings on a wooden altar in Ramsey Church; the copies made by his son, Mr. George Keats.—The Rev. H. Barry, of Draycot Rectory, exhibited a sword, knives, spear-heads, &c., of iron, and evidently Saxon, found, with skeletons, near Chippenham, Wilts.—Mr. Carline, of Shrewsbury, exhibited an impression of a medieval seal, found in Wales, bearing the inscription, *Sigillum Petri Dei gratia episcopi Montis Merani*. What bishopric could be designated by this name seems very doubtful.—The reading of the paper by Messrs. Richardson and Embleton gave rise to some discussion on the necessity of observing carefully the character and dimensions of skulls found in primeval graves, as a means of identifying the different races to which they belonged.—At the close of the proceedings, Mr. Pettigrew gave an account of preparations making for the approaching congress at Gloucester, and announced that active exertions were being made there to give a good reception to the Association.

## SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

At the meeting of June 9th, Mr. Scoles in the chair, a communication was read of a second Persepolitan or Median alphabet, by Dr. Hincks. This alphabet differed from all hitherto published in not supplying the vowels, but in determining the characters which represented consonants when preceded or followed by a vowel. It also differed from that of Westergaard, by reducing the number of elements of speech one half, and also by correcting the false values given by the same learned linguist to several of the characters. The Medes, according to Dr. Hincks, had only four elementary sounds, which he expressed by *t, p, k, s*, each of which corresponded to at least two primary Persian letters. The author said he had been enabled by this system to identify the name of Babylon on some of the Babylonian bricks, and that of Nineveh on the bricks found in the ruins of that city.

Mr. Cullimore read the conclusion of his learned and elaborate memoir "On the astronomical chronology of Egypt from the patriarchal ages to Antoninus Pius, as deduced from the *Chronicon Fetus*, or old Egyptian chronicle, and Eratosthenes, and from their continuator, Claudius Ptolemy, in his *Mathematical Canon*, or catalogue of Assyrian, Chaldean, Median, Persian, Grecian, Græco-Egyptian, and Roman monarchs, from the era of Nabonassar; whereby the interval of the thirty-one Egyptian dynasties, from Merus to Alexander, is demonstrated on Egyptian evidence to have been within 1860 years, in answer to the unbiblical periods



of 5350, 5370, 4560, and 3300 years, according to the respective theories advanced by Scaliger in 1659, Prof. Böckh in 1845, Prof. Barucci in 1844, and the Chevalier Bunsen in 1845." The reading of this paper was followed by a lengthened discussion, during the course of which Mr. Sharpe announced that Mr. Bartlett had lately brought home drawings of the inscriptions in the copper-mines of Wadi Mugharah, a valley of Mount Sinai, and that they bore the names of Chofu or Suphis, and of Knept Chofu or Sensuphis, with other names of the dynasty of Memphis; proving the important fact that these copper-mines were wrought at these early times, or at the epoch of the building of the two great pyramids.

## FINE ARTS.

## HAYDON'S LECTURES ON ART.

*Lectures on Painting and Design.* By B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter. With Designs on the Wood by Himself. Vol. II. Pp. 295. London, Longmans.

"My dear —, — If you do not give my Second Lectures a trumpet loud enough to wake the dead, woe be unto you. Where are you? fishing, swimming, yachting, Cockneying, or what?"

So wrote the hapless author to us within ten days of the awful termination to his troubled career. It seems to us to be a forced effort to shake off the gloom which overspread his mind and was bringing it lower and lower into the fearful abyss in which it finally sunk; and the errors in orthography, as well as the hurried irregular form of the hand-writing, but too surely indicated a condition which might have provoked alarm, had not his general buoyant temperament (often, we now fear, only assumed and apparent) misled or diverted suspicious observation.

These Lectures, like all his productions on the arts, display a high appreciation of their true objects and powers. In fact, his theories were superior to his execution, though he was great in the ideal, and in force, invention, design, and composition. He was no colourist, and not always, though often, distinguished in expression. Few painters can realise their conceptions; and it is true that Haydon, engrossed with controversies and torn by misfortunes, did not entirely fulfil the extraordinary promise of his beginning, though he did enough to honour himself above his contemporaries and the British school in the highest walks of art.

The present (alas, posthumous) volume is more biographical than theoretical; still, as stated in the preface, it goes to illustrate the principles laid down in the preceding volume. "Fuseli (it says) illustrates the fatal consequences of neglecting Nature, and Wilkie the beauty and excellence of doing nothing in an art, the language of which, in all styles, is more or less a language by imitation, without a daily recurrence to her."

Upon these artists and their works the first two lectures are given. On the former he truly observes:

"He began art late, after he had been bewitched by the seductions of literature. When from disgust at being a classical tutor he turned to art, his imagination had been too much indulged, and had so completely got the upper hand, he felt weary in trying to descend to the elements of imitation. I admit, it must be a struggle, but so is all duty; it is infinitely easier to indulge your evil propensities than exert your virtuous ones; not because the tendency to right is not as vigorous as that to wrong, but because the same fair field is never given to resistance as to gratification. Hard work, dissection, repeated and repeated hours of laborious imitation, are considered at an advanced period of manhood as fitter for a youth. Why more fit for a youth than a man in similar predicaments? if a man be as ignorant as a youth, he ought never to

be ashamed to take the same methods to conquer it. Fuseli, almost ignorant of all the simple elements of design, plunged at once to the highest efforts, and his deficiency of elementary knowledge harassed him, as he richly deserved, the whole of his life.

"In general literature, what is called polite literature, Fuseli was highly accomplished. He perhaps knew as much of Homer as any man, but he was not a deep classic; he could puzzle Dr. Burney by a question, but he was more puzzled if Dr. Burney questioned him! Porson spoke lightly of his knowledge of Greek, but in comparison with Porson a man might know little and yet know a great deal; a friend once asked him to construe a difficult passage in the chorus in the Agamemnon of Æschylus—he cursed all choruses, and said he never read them! But his power of acquiring, idiomatically, a living language was certainly extraordinary; six weeks, he said, was enough for him to speak any language; yet though his tendency to literature gave him in society the power of being very amusing, I think it my duty to caution the young men present; he, for an artist, allowed literature to take too predominant a part in his practice, and sunk too much the painter in the critic."

That Haydon, of all men, should have written this is astonishing. How little, how very little, do we know ourselves! The following estimate is good:

"Never were four men so essentially different as West, Fuseli, Flaxman, and Stothard. Fuseli was undoubtedly the mind of the largest range;—West was an eminent *macchinista* of the second rank;—Flaxman and Stothard were purer designers than either. Barry and Reynolds were before my time; but Johnson said, in Barry's *Adelphi* 'there was a grasp of mind you found no where else;' which was true. Though Fuseli had more imagination and conception than Reynolds—though West put things together quicker than either—though Flaxman and Stothard did what Reynolds could not do, and Hogarth invented a style never thought of before in the world, yet as a great and practical artist, in which all the others were greatly defective, producing occasional fancy pictures of great beauty, and occasional desperate struggles in high art, with great faults, Reynolds is unquestionably the greatest artist of the British school, and the greatest artist in Europe since Rembrandt and Velasquez."

The account of Wilkie's apotheosis in London, and early career, by one, his and Jackson's fellow-student and most intimate friend, is, to us, exceedingly interesting, and marked by many *naïve* traits which do no disparagement to the real Sir David Wilkie. His countenance, in an outline sketch, when arguing for the worse reason, by Haydon, at p. 55, is a glorious bit of likeness and art. Nor do we consider the following pen-and-ink sketch far mistaken:

"I think his sudden reputation injured the native simplicity of his mind. I think the treachery and cruelty of his treatment, from the base envy of his associates, destroyed the confidence in human nature he felt before. I think the distinctions of a court roused a desire for shining where he was not qualified to do so; but who among us can answer for ourselves in similar temptations? who can say he would have left a character so untainted, so eminent, and so honourable? Let us therefore only remember his virtues; for, be assured, his virtues are worthy imitation, whilst what may be considered his vices were but comparative weaknesses after all. As his death was touching, so was his burial romantic; for what Briton, whose march is o'er the mountain wave, and home is on the deep, would not glory in anticipation at the poetry of such an entombment as Trafalgar Bay! As a Christian, he could not have been taken from us at a better time. His piety had been increased, his belief strengthened, and his hopes exalted, by his visit to the Holy Land; and if ever human be-

ing left this world fit for a better, or ready for judgment—it was David Wilkie.

"Note.—The strong language with regard to the Royal Academy which I have used in this lecture is perfectly just as applied to that period. The *clique* which caused all the mischief then, and 20 years before, have died off, and the latter elections shew a healthier and better spirit.—B. R. H."

Into the other lectures we cannot at present feel a disposition to go. That on the relative value of fresco and oil painting is most deserving of public attention at this epoch, and we quote two passages from it, just to rescue this review from absolute meagreness.

"The unfortunate weakness of fresco practice is the rarity of being able to paint at once from nature on your wall; and though cartoons, when everything is settled, generate a habit of settled thinking, they generate a habit also of feeble copying, when the spirit of invention is evaporated, and which pupils may execute almost as well as the master. The imperfection in the realities of fresco which proceeds from this miserable and tame method, induced Reynolds to lay down a law, that reality of effect was incompatible with high thought. Nothing could be more unjust, as the attempt of Michael Angelo to embody his thoughts in oil by the hand of Sebastian del Piombo, and the attempt of Raffaele, in the Transfiguration, decidedly prove."

Of the German school:

"This wonderful people, in spite of Lessing and a host of excellent critics, have ever had more imagination than reason, and have always given evidence of more power to produce discussion than discover truth,—to take fact for fiction, and fiction for fact. Their mental energy and fervour are worthy examples, but the excess to which they go is to be watched. To suppose that by going back to the Gothicism of gold grounds, staring eyes, and meagre forms, they must arrive at the perfection of art, was a mental delusion; we might as well agree to write like Chaucer, under a hope of advancing to Milton as a result. Cimabue and Giotto did their best, as well as Raffaele and Michael Angelo; and if each head of an epoch did not always do so, what reason can be given why each should not every century go back to hieroglyphics as the earliest mode of design? Any principle which excludes Raffaele is insanity, and must be treated as such; for the classic influences which affected him were the sound principles of the greatest artists which the world ever saw, and as applicable to the Christian art as to any other. The German system may be characteristic; so is the Chinese, the Peruvian, the Hindoo, the Bosjeman at the Cape. German art has always been characteristic, and Albert Durer's style infatuated the Italians in their greatest period. So intense is the instinct for a new sensation in mankind, that it palls on beauty, wearies of truth, and seeks relief often in deformity. Variety is a component principle in our pleasurable sensations, and any art is at times a relief from the continuity of what is no longer new, however divine. No wonder at the success of German art. Thoughts too refined to be expressed in words, imaginings too impossible to be comprehended by thought, longings which belong not to earth, yearnings that would puzzle in heaven; of all people in the world, the Germans are the least fit to settle the limits of an art, the essence of which consists in palpabilities and positive realities, or it is not understood. It is said that the German school have opposed classic prejudices, and their works are from natural impressions, and not from classic recollections. Thus the unalterable principles of the perfection of the human form is a classic prejudice, and the half-starved every-day figures of the mediæval age a Christian perfection; whereas I maintain the purity of the inward Christian can be best conveyed by beauty and perfection in the outward symbol; for there is no necessary connexion between external beauty and internal depravity, any more than there is between internal

virtue and external deformity. The leading doctrine of art is to convey its meanings by beauty in everything, and the best guides to this goal are the works of the Greeks; a selection from nature on their principle is not less a natural impression, because they guide, than taking nature as it is found with all its defects, where they are no guide at all.

"A man, say they, must have art in himself; but supposing a great genius in art born blind, how much would come out of him? A great painter must have an intense susceptibility to form and colour, through his senses to his brain, in himself of course, so as to be propelled to imitate by lines and colours, in his earliest childhood, what he sees, and thus to convey his thoughts and combinations by this imitation to others. His first imitations of life will be without selection or choice; but when he wants to convey great thoughts and grand actions by human forms and human faces, he finds any form and any face will not be in character with his imaginary actors. He then seeks the works of predecessors; and there are works by a people who always did select the beautiful from the ugly, the heroic from the common, the sublime from the petty, the essential from the accidental; he ascertains their principles from perpetual comparisons of their works with living nature; he comes to conclusions by their assistance; he forms anew a principle for his own practice; and this, it seems, is a classic prejudice, a classic influence inconsistent with the purity of a Christian mind, and must not be done in German art. No man can be more alive to the great merit of the German school than I am, in their struggle to revive the great principle of monumental decoration. They persevered through scorn, and ridicule, and laughter, which may have driven them to their early excess on a principle of defiance; but they succeeded in going through; and say what we may, and be as irrefutable as we please, their frescoes (tapestry in mortar as they may be) are a fourth great epoch in art. If they went back for the sake of going forward, it was the excess of all reformers, so common, so natural; in the fury of the moment they did not see they could only arrive at the perfection they aimed at in proportion as they approached the very classic influence they dreaded! Raffaele began from necessity, as they began from choice, with gold grounds and gothic purity; but the moment his beautiful mind was directed by classic influence how to select in daily life the essential from the superfluous in form, he left those simplicities, as you can perceive even in his first great fresco, the Dispute of the Sacrament, where the part of that very picture which he last finished is higher in aim, execution, and thought, than the part he began on first with his golden glories. Cornelius told an honourable member, who, I have no doubt, remarked on the exaggeration of his expressions, 'such exaggeration was necessary to affect the people.' Never was a greater mistake. What exaggeration is there in the cartoons, the Vatican, or the pediment of Phidias? None. And what works so affect the people? This will not do for us."

Won't it?!!

*Divers Works of Early Masters on Christian Decoration: with an Introduction containing the Biography, Journal of Travel, Contemporaneous Associations in Art, &c. of Albert Durer; Notices of his master Wohlgemuth and his friend Pirckheimer, Adam Kraft and his Sacrament-house at Nuremberg; with Examples of Ancient Painted and Stained Glass from York, West Wickham, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the ancient Church and Sacrament-house at Limbourg, the Works of Dirk and Wouter Crabeth, &c. Also a succinct Account, with Illustrations, of Painted and Stained Glass at Gouda in Holland, and the Church of St. Jacques at Liege. 2 vols. imperial folio. Edited by John Weale.*

Such a work is a sore puzzle, and indeed an im-

possibility to Review; for it can, in fact, only be known and appreciated by View. But we are tried by few such in these days when gorgeous productions of literature and art are so scarce, that angel visits might be esteemed frequent in comparison. It is a brave essay of Mr. Weale, and seventy plates bear testimony to his zeal, and an irresistible claim on liberal-public patronage. The title-page pretty fully sets forth the nature of these claims, and a printed prospectus further describes them as embracing "an historical account of the achievements of art from the hands of Albert Durer, Wohlgemuth, and Pirckheimer, with their portraits in fac-simile—of Adam Kraft, his sacrament-house—all of Nuremberg; the account, with illustrations, of St. Jacques' Church at Liege; its rise under Bishop Balderic II. in 1016, to its more decorative state of interior embellishment and magnificent stained glass windows of the Albert Durer school of design in 1525,—of Gouda in Holland, the painted glass windows of the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, presented by Mary Queen of England and Philip II. of Spain, and by the nobles and municipal bodies of the cities of Holland, with a memoir on this and other painted glass—Lives and works of Dirk and Wouter Crabeth, with their portraits in fac-simile;" and the stained glass windows in England above enumerated,—forming altogether the elaborate work of seventy plates before us, the greater part of which are richly coloured.

The biography of Albert Durer is very interesting, and we gladly copy from it the following diary of a journey made by him in 1520 (having visited Italy fourteen years before), translated from Von Murr's journal, where it is given in the writer's peculiar orthography and homely style:

"On Whitsunday have I, Albert Durer, at my own cost and responsibility, with my wife, departed from Nuremberg for the Netherlands; and having travelled that day, lodged at night at Baiersdorf. Thence we went on Friday to Forchheim. Thence went I to Bamberg, and presented the bishop with a painting of the Virgin, our Blessed Lady, an Apocalypse, and a copper-plate. He invited me to dinner, and gave me an exemption from customs, and three other letters, and provided for my lodging. Item, I paid the driver 6 florins in gold, who took me from Bamberg to Frankfort. Item, Master Laurence Benedict and his painter took me to wine with them. So I set out from Bamberg to Eltman, and shewed my customs-letter, by which I was allowed to pass toll-free. Thence came I to Hassfurth, and shewed my customs-letter, so that I was allowed to pass toll-free. I have given one florin to the chancery of the Bishop of Bamberg. Thence came I to Theres, to the convent, and shewed my customs-letter, and was allowed to pass toll-free. Thence came we to Schweinfurt, where Doctor Rebart recd. me, and gave us wine in our boat. Thence went we to Volkach, and shewed my customs-letter, and went away, and came to Schwarzach; also went I in the early boat from Frankfort on Sunday to Mentz, and came halfway to Hochst, where I shewed my customs-letter and they allowed me to pass; also I paid 8 Frankfort pence. Thence we went to Mentz, where I paid one white-penny to the porters to unload. Moreover, 14 Frankfort hellers to the cabin boy. Moreover, 18 pence for a girth. Moreover, I engaged with the Cologne boat for 3 florins, with my luggage. Also have I spent at Mentz 17 white-pence. Item, Peter Goldschmidt, the host, gave me two bottles of wine; so did Veith Farnpuhler invite me, and his landlord wd. take no reckoning from him, but be my host himself; and they recd. me with much honour: also I departed from Mentz, where the Main flows into the Rhine, and it was the Monday after St. Mary Magdalen. Thence came we to Poppart, and shewed my customs-letter at the Treves customs-house, where they let me pass; only, I had to declare, under my signet, that I had no merchants' goods, and they let me willingly pass. Thence came we to Lonsstein, and shewed my customs-letter; the customs-

officer also let me pass free there, but he bade that I sho<sup>d</sup>. speak with his Grace of Mentz, and presented me with wines, as he knew my wife well, and was glad to see her. Thence came we to Engers, and shewed my customs-letter that belongs to Treves, and they let me pass free. I said I wd. praise my Lord of Bamberg for this. Thence came we to Andernach, and shewed my customs-letter, and they allowed me to pass free. Also I went in the morning to St. Jacobi from Andernach. Thence went we to Bonn, to the customs-house, but they let me pass free. Thence came we to Cologne, and they allowed us to pass free. Thence went we to Antwerp, where I came to the inn to Jobst Planckfelt, and that same evening the Fuggers' factor, of the name of Bernard Stecher, recd. me, and gave us a costly repast, but my wife ate in the inn; and I gave the carrier for the conveyance of our three persons 3 florins in gold. On Sunday, which was also St. Oswald's day, the painters received me in their chamber, with my wife and maid, and served us with silver ware, and other costly preparations; and a particularly costly banquet. Their wives also were there; and while I was at table, the people stood on each side as if they were treating a great lord. There were also among them some persons of importance, who received me with very deep and reverential salutations, and they said they would do all they could which might be agreeable to me: there came a messenger from the Lords of Antwerp with two servants, and presented me from the Lords of Antwerp with four cans of wine, and sent me word, 'I should be honoured by them in this, and have their good will.' Then said I, that I thanked them humbly, and sent my humble service. Thereafter came Master Peter, the city carpenter, and presented me with two cans of wine, with the expression of his willing service. So were we long merry together, and late in the night, when they conducted us with lanterns worshipfully home, and undertak<sup>d</sup> to do what I will, that they will render me every service in their power. Also I thank them, and lay me to sleep: also I went to Master Quintin's home. I went to their three great archery places, and ate a costly repast. Another time with the factor of Portugal, whom I sketched in charcoal, as also my host. Also Jobst Planckfelt, who presented me with some white coral. Also my host took me to the painter's working-place in Antwerp, in the Armoury, where they were preparing the triumph with which King Charles is to be received. That work is in length 400 arches (pögen), and each forty feet long, and placed on both sides of the street, beautifully arranged, and it cost altogether, for carpentry and painting, 4000 florins; and this thing is made costly all over. Item, Did I eat another time with the Portugall, and I ate once with Alexander in the court. Item, Sebald Fischer bought of me at Antwerp 16 small Passions for 4 florins. Further, 32 great books for 8 florins. Further, 6 Passions for 3 florins. Further, 20 half quires of all kinds has he taken for 3 florins. Item, Hence I sold to my host for a piece of cloth, a painting of the Blessed Virgin, and 2 florins Rhenish. Item, For another time I sketched Felix Lautenschlager. Item, I have once eaten with Alexander Goldschmidt: further, once with Felix. Once has Master Joachim eaten with me; also his man once. I began a painting in half-colour. I have presented the four new small pieces [paintings] to Peter Wolfgang. I have presented Master Joachim with one florin, because he has lent me his colours and his man; and I made a present also to his man. Item, I sent the four new paintings to Alexander Goldschmidt. I sketched in with charcoal the Genoese named Tomasino Floriano, and his two brethren, named Vicenzio and Gerhard, all three Pumbellij. Twelve times have I dined with Tomasino.

"Further, Master Erasmus [the great Erasmus] presented me with a Spanish mantle. Further, Tomasino's brother has presented me with a pair

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of gloves. But once have I sketched Vicenzio, Tomasino's brother: also have I presented Master Augustin Lumbarth with the two parts of the 'Imagines Coeli.' Also have I sketched the Elector with the aquiline nose, named Opius. Item, my wife and little maid have dined one day at Master Tomasino's house. Item, Our Lady Church at Antwerp is too large; also, people have much trouble in singing there at first without making a fault; and they have an altar and costly foundation, where are appointed the best musicians that can be had. The church has many devout services and stonework, and particularly a pretty tower. Also have I been in the rich abbey of St. Michael, which has of stone (masswerk) the costly seat in its choir. And at Antwerp they spare no cost for such things, as there is money enough there. I have sketched Master Nicholas, an astronomer, who dwells with the King of England, who has been of furtherance and use to me in many things: he is a German, born at Munich. Further have I sketched Tomasino's daughter, named Jung-frau Suten. Item, Hans Pfaffroth gave me a Philip's guild, because I had sketched him with charcoal. Further have I dined with Tomasino once; and my host's father-in-law received me, also my wife. Further have I changed two bad (light) guilders and 21 stivers for living. Further have I given one stiver for drink-money, because I was allowed to see a Table (a picture). Item, I have seen on Sunday after Our Lady's Ascension the grand procession of Our Lady Church at Antwerp, when the whole place was assembled, of all handicrafts and conditions, each clad costly according to his condition. Each condition and trade had its token by which it might be known; and there were also among them great costly banners carried; and their old French long trumpets of silver. There were also of Germans many fifiers and drummers, who made much noise. Also saw I in the way, in regular order, going along the procession, the goldsmiths, painters, masons, silk-embroiderers, carvers, cabinet-makers, carpenters, sailors, fishermen, butchers, carriers, weavers, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, and other handicrafts, and many hand-workers and dealers, in worshipful array. So, too, were the shopkeepers, merchants, and all kinds of assistants. After came the musketeers, archers, and arquebusiers, as well horse as foot. Then came the guards of the bailiwick. Then came a whole body of very brave folks, genteelly and richly clad; but before them went all orders, and each arranged according to the several differences very properly. There was also in this procession a great body of widows, who live by their own handiwork, and hold a particular rule, and all with white linen tuckers, reaching from the head to the ground, very orderly to see: thereamong saw I many brave persons, and the prebends of Our Lady Church, with all the priesthood, scholars, and church officers going behind, where 20 persons bore the Virgin Mary with the Lord Jesus, most richly clothed, to the honour of the Lord God. In this circuit were very many pleasant things done, and very richly arranged. Then there were brought along many carriages, models of ships, and other pageants: Thereamong were the Prophets, then the New Testament, then the Angelic Cross, the Three Holy Kings on great camels, and riding in other scarce wondrous, very artfully arranged: also how Our Lady fled in Egypt, very devoutly, and many other things, which for shortness I pass by. At the last came a great dragon, which bore St. Margaret with her ladies, on a giraffe, which was very pretty: there followed after, St. George with his attendants, a pretty sketch. Also there rode in this company very bravely and richly clad young men and maidens, in various dresses, and representing different saints. This procession, from the beginning to the end, before it passed our house, lasted more than two hours; also were the things so many, that I could not write them even in a book, and therefore let them alone. Item, I have been at Antwerp in the Fuggers' Factor-house, which has been built newly and

richly, with a special tower, wide and great, with a fine garden, and saw his beautiful stallion. Item, Tomasino presented my wife with 14 ells of good thick damask, and two and a half ells of half atlas, as a lining. Item, the Factor of Portugal has presented me with wine at the inn, Portuguese and French. Item, Senhor Roderigo, of Portugal, presented me with a basket of well made sugar, of all sorts, wherein was a sugar-candy box, two great diashes of sugar penet, marzipain, and all other sweets, and sugar-cane as it grows. Thereon I gave his man one florin for drink. Further have I for board changed a light guildler and 12 stivers. Item, the columns in St. Michael's in the convent, in the parish church at Antwerp, are all made of black beautiful gold-stone. I have from Antwerp sent out and presented, through Master Gillgen, King Charles's door-keeper, the good sculptor named Master Conrad, the like of whom I have not seen (he served the Emperor Maximilian's daughter, Lady Margaret), St. Jerome, Melancholy, the three new Maries, the Anthony, and the Veronica; and I presented Master Gillgen with a Eustachius and a Nemesis. Item, I was indebted to my host 7 florins 20 stivers, the Sunday before St. Bartholomew's. Item, for fire and chamber and bedding shall I give him 11 florins monthly. I have been with my host 27 days in August, on Monday before St. Bartholomew, that I dine with him, and give for each meal two pence, and the drink without reckoning; but my wife and maid must hereafter cook and eat. I have presented the Portuguese factor with a small carved child. Further, have I presented him with an Adam and Eve, Jerome, the Hercules, the Eustachius, the Melancholy, the Nemesis. Thereafter, on half-sheets, three new Virgins, the Veronica, the St. Anthony, Christmas, and the Cross. Thereafter, the best out of the quarter-sheets, which are eight small pieces. Thereafter, the three books of our Lady's life, the Apocalypse, and the Great Passion, after the Little Passion, and the Passion in copper, which is all worth 5 florins. Even as much have I presented to Senhor Roderigo, the other Portugal. This Roderigo presented my wife with a small green popinjay. Item, on Sunday after St. Bartholomew (the 2d Sept.) I went from Antwerp with Master Tomasino to Mechlin, where we lay one night; and I met Master Conrad, and a painter with him, at supper; and this Master Conrad is the good carver whom the Lady Margaret has. From Mechlin we went through the small town of Wilswort (Vilvorde), and came to Brussels on Monday (3d Sept.) at mid-day. I have dined with my gentlemen at Brussels, and once dined with Master Bonisius, and presented him with a Passion in copper. Item, I have given to the Markgrave John, at Brussels, my letter of introduction, which my Lord of Bamberg wrote, and I have presented him with a Passion engraved in copper, as a remembrance of me. Further have I once eaten with my gentlemen of Nuremburg. I have seen at Brussels, in the council-house, in the golden chamber, the four painted pieces which the great master Rudiger has made. I have seen in the king's house at Brussels, within and without, the fountains, labyrinth, and menagerie, which is a pleasant thing; surely more like a paradise I have seen nothing. Item, the dwarf who presented my supplications to the Lord Jacob Bonisius is named Erasmus. Item, at Brussels is a very rich and great council-house, built of fine masonry, with a remarkably good tower. I have drawn Master Conrad at Brussels, by candle-light at night, who has been my host at Brussels. Also have I Doctor Lambarten's son drawn at the same time with charcoal, and the hostess. Also have I seen the thing which was brought to the king from the new golden land, a sun completely of gold, a whole fathom broad. Also a silver moon as great, and two large rooms full of rich furniture, with numerous weapons, harness, and remarkable artillery, and rare clothing, bedding, and all kinds of things for people's use, which are much more

beautiful than wonderful. These things are all of a costly nature, so that they are valued at a hundred thousand guilders: and I have in all my lifetime seen nothing which gave my heart so much pleasure as these things. Then did I see their wonderfully clever things, and I wondered at the subtle genius of men in strange lands, and the things I do not know how to express that I saw there. I have besides seen many fine things at Brussels, and particularly a great fish-bone, that had the bits been put together, it would have been a fathom and a half long, and weighed near 15 hundred weight, and it stands on the fish in the back of his head. I have also been at Nassau House, which is richly built and finely furnished. Also have I twice dined with my lords. Item, Madonna Margareta received me at Brussels, and promised me she would be my introducer to King Charles, and shewed a special kindness towards me.


The rest of this journal is equally curious; and, besides its traits of the manners of the time, shews in what estimation the artist was held. Further on we read:


"On Friday after Pentecost, in 1521, came a tale to Antwerp that they had captured Martin Luther so traitorously, that the Emperor Charles's herald was given to him with an imperial safe-conduct, to which he had trusted; but when the herald brought him to Eisenach, in an unfriendly place, he said he dare be no more, and rode from him. There were ten horse there, who carried away traitorously the pious man, enlightened with the Holy Ghost, who was a follower of the true Christian belief, and whether he still lives, or whether they have murdered him, I wit not; thus has he been treated for writing Christian truth, and because he punished the unchristian popedom, which strives so against Christ's redemption with his great trouble of human law, and also because that we are robbed of our blood and sweat, and the same are so scandalously treated by idling men; and to me it seems particularly hard that they will let our God remain, probably under their false blind learning, which the men whom they call the fathers have written and composed, whereby the rich word is twisted to many ends falsely, or even held for nought.


"I had the disadvantage in all my earnings, lodging, sales, and other transactions in the Netherlands, in all my things with high and low; and particularly the Lady Margaret, for what I presented her, and did for her, gave me nothing. Exchanged my emperor for a white English cloth. Alexander Imhoff lent me 100 golden guilders on our Lady's eve, for which I gave him my written obligation to pay him at Nuremburg. I gave Tomasino's relation a Philip's florin, and to his daughter a gold florin on leaving. Tomasino gave me a box full of the best tiriac. On our Lady's day, when I wished to leave Antwerp, the King of Denmark sent to me that I should come quickly to him, and take his likeness, which I did with charcoal. And I sketched also his servant Anthony, and I was invited to dine with the king, who placed me graciously opposite to him. On the day after our Lady's, travelled to Brussels in the vessel of the King of Denmark, to whom I presented the best pieces among my prints. Item, I saw that the people at Antwerp wondered the king was such a manly fine fellow. I saw also how the emperor met him at Brussels, and received him honourably with great pomp. Thereupon I saw the fine costly banquet given to him the next day by the emperor and the lady Margaret. Item, on the Sunday before St. Margaret's, the King of Denmark gave a grand banquet to the emperor, Lady Margaret, and Queen of Spain, and invited me, and I dined there too. I gave twelve stivers to the king's footman, and I sketched the king in oil-colours, who gave me thirty florins. On Friday, early in the morning, I started for Brussels."

At the conclusion of the journal, Mr. Weale says: "Durer having travelled for a year, returned to

Nuremburg, and applied himself, as before, assiduously to his art. This very curious journal, at the risk of being considered tedious, is given to shew the extraordinary activity of his genius; it embraces an important period in literature, religion, and art, contemporaneous with the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, and the princes of the house of Spain, the then rulers in the Netherlands; and it further presents to our notice many eminent artists of the time, together with the names and connexions of painters on glass, of whom little is known in this country. The editor has in his possession a fine copy of the posthumous folio volume of Albert Durer's work, amended by himself, on drawing and painting, and published subsequent to his death by his friend 'Bilibaldus Pirckheimerus, amicus integerrimus,' in which are given rudiments for the construction of Gothic and German alphabets, or black-letter characters, equally ingenious and simple. He shews them to be composed entirely of small squares, variously arranged and combined; and takes the letter *i* as the simple and fundamental form—inasmuch as it consists of only a single stem or stroke—out of which all the rest arise. Yet even this leading form is in itself a compound, it being, when reduced to its first elements, found to consist of five squares; viz. three placed one over the other for the body or stem, and two others turned diagonally, thus:

which when filled up shew thus:  This accounts the letters, and *or diagonalism* both above and portions of all that is, those which do not rise above the general line or descend below it with tails: *n, u, v, m, w*, vary hardly at all from the *i*, except in three of them having two stems, and the others three stems each; while the two single-stemmed letters, *r* and *t*, are distinguished from the *i*, the former by an additional square adjoining the top one, and placed like that, diagonally—thus, the other by the two upper squares being both put diagonally.

 The long-stemmed letters merely by an additional square, some of them co-terminating others, and with half-squares to fill up intervals is composed of two stems of four squares each, connected by two others turned diagonally, with finishing triangles.

Those who have little knowledge of the numerous works of this extraordinary artist, or who are not conversant with them, will have a difficulty in separating the genuine works from the numerous forgeries which were practised, even by eminent artists, on the great reputation of Albert Durer: wood and copper engravings have appeared with the monogram of  which have no connexion with the artist's hand and mind; and it is only those who have applied themselves to the study of the master who are capable of detecting the imposition. Many compiled works have given lists, mixing the forgeries with the genuine subjects.

"Albert Durer was to the Germans what Leonardo da Vinci was to the Italians; they both excelled, and introduced perspective and breadth of light and shade, with the advantage on the side of Albert in the colouring of his pictures. The late Thomas Stothard, Esq., R.A., has, in a valuable ms. bequeathed to his son, written a note, which from such an artist has its value. Contemporaneous with Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Adam Krafft, Lucas Van Leyden, Quintin Matsys, Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, &c., Durer employed himself as an artist generally: many of the copper or iron plates, or wood, were not absolutely cut or engraved by his own hand, but executed after his design, and under his direction, by the

several artists living in Nuremburg, and which nevertheless bear the stamp of the master hand. Designs were made for wrought iron-work, with which that city abounded; he also designed and was the founder of an improved school in the more correct perspective and architecture for sacred subjects, particularly for painted and stained glass."

An account of his works follows, and is succeeded by the notices of his master, friend, and Adam Krafft; after which there is an able sketch of the introduction of stained glass into England, and the progress of the art from that period to its most flourishing condition in the 16th century, after which it gradually declined and fell into decay. We trust that it is now reviving in this country, and have had several occasions to mention admirable specimens executed within the last few years.

The Gouda drawings, and the notice of the artists, the brothers Crabeth, possess great novelty, and serve essentially to enrich the volume, where they precede the magnificent illustrations of St. Jacques at Liege. And here our pen fails us, for we can communicate no idea of these brilliant performances through its means. Imagine a kaleidoscope turning up every moment the brightest and most fanciful patterns, and you may have a vague notion of their extreme beauty. Some, it may be observed, partake of an inferior era of the art, when more minute embellishments produce an effect less grand than when glorious masses of colour were employed; but all are singularly instructive, and enable us to trace the school from the beginning to the end. The examples from West Wickham (which the Archaeological Association at Canterbury interfered to save) are not the least remarkable, and those from York are among the finest in the whole collection.

But, as we have confessed, the work must be seen to have its value ascertained; and sure we are that it requires only to be looked at to recommend it, as a delightful ornament, to every lover of the arts who can afford the luxury of its possession. It would be disgraceful to the country if Mr. Weale's splendid undertaking did not meet with its due reward.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### ITALY.

Florence, June 24, 1846.

THE motto of this age is most truly *Nil admirari*; yet I think that those best acquainted with the state of anti-progress here will be not a little surprised to hear, that the learned and pious head of the Church now elected has announced his intentions of granting a wide-embracing amnesty to political offenders of all kinds, who are said to amount to the almost incredible number of 24,000!! reckoning those who are exiles for their opinions, as well as those actually in detention.

He has also announced his intention of dismissing all the Swiss Guards! and if "coming events cast their shadows before," the historiette that I communicated in my last letter about these Janissaries as being now probably an idle form will be a living reality, and the "Rogues March" will be played, with a *da capo al fine*, till they reach the cool valleys of Helvetia, to exchange the chase of the chamois for their former daily lounge in the lobby of the Scala Regia.

His Holiness, too, has called together Duke Torlonia and others of the Roman princes who are interested in the introduction of railways, and assured them that he differs entirely from his predecessor in the interpretation of the famous text in the prophecy of Daniel, xii. 4: *Plurimi pertransibunt, et multiplex erit scientia*; "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;" and that he is determined to reticulate the map of the States of the Church with a plexus of railway lines: he goes, I hear, even the length of offering to be a provisional director; but he surely does not know the responsibilities of that position. But stranger things still remain to be told: he has been elected by a mistake; or rather, he was, as

those familiar with elections in "Merrie England" well know, he was set up as a candidate without the intention of his being finally elected. It occurred thus:—When the cardinals are duly "fixed" in the conclave, they begin in the evening by giving the name of one whom they have no intention should be ultimately chosen; this is done to see to whom are the general tendencies of their likings directed, or, in plain Saxon, as a "feeler." It appears that on the second evening of the conclave the cardinals, according to established usage, gave in the names of those whom they did not intend should be elected pope; and Cardinal Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, archbishop of Imola, and now Pius the Ninth, was appointed to call out the names as they came out of the urn, and to his great surprise he found the first seven or eight billets marked with his own name. His feelings at so unexpected an honour, when it reached the fourteenth slip that his name was written on, were so excited that he fainted. Nevertheless, the calling of the names went on, and to the great surprise of the Sacred College, his name was found to have the requisite number of voices, viz. two-thirds of the number of the cardinals present. This "happy accident" in giving a vigorous intellect, not past its middle age, to rule the Romagna, will make many a discontented Carbonaro swallow down the *accidente*, their favourite curse, rising on every occasion to a *bocca Romana*, when fortune or rulers prove unpropitious. Talking of Carbonari, the present Pope's brother has been in exile for many years for belonging to that famous society. Does the *haud ignara mali*, &c. &c. actuate the present benevolent successor of Peter? and when he proposed so promptly to use "the keys" to unlock the dungeons of many a sighing captive, does the recollection of a brother's sufferings draw a sigh from him? He was born at Sinigaglia in the Roman states, and belongs to a family of wealth and consideration. He was created cardinal by Gregory, 14th Dec. 1840, although he had been determined on by his Holiness a year before, which is called being *riservato in petto*, when the Pope fixes in his own mind on an individual for the cardinal's hat, and keeps the matter within his breast till he thinks the ripeness of time is come. I mentioned to you that Cardinal Ghizzi, I had been informed on the best authority, had the best chance of the papal chair at the time I wrote; but you see it has turned out otherwise: he has been spoken of as likely to fill the next most important post, that of minister for foreign affairs; and he will also be a good selection. I alluded also passingly, in a former letter, to the pretended prophecy of Malachi, to characterise the pope that was to be; you may recollect it was "Crux Crucis;" and a Fellow of Cambridge who is sitting by my elbow, and who has sat more in the seat of the scorum than at the feet of Dr. Pusey, interprets it clearly to characterise all that we know of the present Pope. "He (he says) patronises no half-and-half measures; but is XX and double stout in vindicating to the infuriated Austrian ambassador the important steps that he is about to take to remodel his civil government." You may fully depend on the accuracy of the details given above of what passed in the pope's election, &c., as I have the information from a source which ought to be best able to know: I can speak no further of it, however. As far as the religious government of the Church was concerned, no pontiff ever conducted it better than Gregory XVI.; but we may not unhappily illustrate the state of mind that the old man had fallen into in these latter times; for it is well known in ecclesiastical circles that he feared all experiments for the purpose of giving a sounder feeling to the body politic, just as he resolutely refused the amputation of his own leg when, during his last fatal illness, gangrene and mortification had reached that point that, unless the diseased member were lopped off, death would be the result. He preferred death—*Requiescat in pace*. And the Man of Iron, Pius IX. (Ferretti), threatens to oust



the Railway King from his throne of termini. So much for Roman gossip. The *bella città di Firenze* is racing with chariots as in the circuses of old; and there is a vast concourse met to see what is not half so exciting as an omnibus-race from Charing Cross to the Ba-ank; and the Grand Duke is looking as amiable as he is, surrounded by the "stars" and "garters" of his court, the *corps diplomatique*, and the dames of honour; and we have had a grand illumination of the Lung d' Arno, and immense fireworks, which nearly set the Arno on fire, and I have no doubt St. John is vastly pleased on this his grand festive occasion. The Irish light bonfires on St. John's night universally: this further point of resemblance between the Etruscan and Hibernian race has escaped the acute Betham, who is not murdered, as was foolishly reported, in an Etruscan tomb, but is snug at the baths of Lucca. ESQUILINUS.

## FRANCE.\*

[From our occasional Correspondent.]

Paris, June 29, 1846.

Discussions on the comparative advantages and disadvantages of anonymous writing in newspapers and periodicals have frequently attracted great interest in the literary world of England. The result of them has been the maintenance of the anonymous; from which it may be inferred that the arguments in favour thereof were found much more weighty than those on the other side. "In my hot youth, when William IV. was king," I, for one, should have rejoiced at seeing a different conclusion come to; for nothing seems so fair, so just, so equitable, and so natural, as that a writer should reap all the fame that may result from a well-written article; suffer all the contempt that is bestowed on a badly-written one; and bear all the responsibility that may arise from either. But since I have had the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the newspapers and the periodicals of France, my opinions have undergone a total change; and I should now be one of the first to denounce the abolition of anonymous writing as a sad calamity to authors, to newspapers and periodical proprietors, to literature and to the public. To the great mass of authors the abolition would be disadvantageous, because not one in twenty of them, albeit possessed of talent, succeeds in gaining a literary reputation; and without a literary reputation it is worse than useless, it is ridiculous, to parade one's name before the public. To proprietors of journals the change would be onerous, inasmuch as it would compel them to pay ten times more to the man with a great reputation than they would to the man with none at all; and yet the latter could, in city slang, supply them with an article every bit as good, and perhaps better. Literature would suffer, because the man with an established reputation thinks himself entitled to palm any rubbish upon the public; whilst the anonymous writer is obliged to take pains to secure for his lucubrations the honour of a perusal. And the public would suffer in having to swallow trash instead of excellence, and, moreover, in being entertained—as it certainly would be—with details of the private doings, and private affairs, and private persons of the heroes whose names would figure before it. To the truth of all that is advanced, the Parisian journals and periodicals, in which the anonymous is not observed, offer striking and unanswerable testimony. Look at them: the *Journal des Débats*, *La Presse*, *Le Constitutionnel*, *Le Siècle*, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, &c. &c. You will find that a few writers of eminence, or what is by courtesy called eminence, monopolise them exclusively, leaving no chance of success, no opening even, to the young man commencing his arduous career. You will find that these writers are paid enormously, and almost ruin the journals to which they are attached. You will find, in nine

cases out of ten, that what they write is the most pitiable trash. And you will find them thrusting themselves, their affairs, and their friends, in the most impertinent and ridiculous manner, upon the public. In this last respect, in particular, they arouse indignation and excite disgust. It is, I assure you, positively nauseous to witness the enormous self-conceit with which they are devoured, and the offensive style in which they parade it. Thus, for example, Jules Janin favours the public with a description of his apartment, a minute account of his wedding, or some other equally important and interesting event. Alphonse Karr tells you that he has a house at Havre, and a garden and flowers, and a fishing-boat; and he relates his adventures in a stage-coach, and his conversation with his neighbours. M. Soulié takes precious good care to inform his readers that he has a large *moustache*; and M. Theophile Gautier complacently communicates the important information, that he has an immense crop of hair on his stupid noddle. One of the *feuilletonistes* of the *Constitutionnel* thinks himself bound to inform the universe that his friend the Baron le Spoonie carries a large bunch of watch-seals. Another states that he has the honour of the acquaintance of Mlle. — of the Théâtre Français, and that when travelling on the railway she always takes a first-class place. A critic, in commencing a criticism, makes us aware that he was once upon a time only seven years of age, and that he had a passionate love of lollypops, which subsequently degenerated into a passionate love of literature. (*Tant pis pour la littérature!*) A political writer informs us that his friend — always unbuttons his waistcoat when he begins to write; and Friend —, not to be outdone in courtesy, mentions that the political writer has a sad knack of inking his knuckles. M. — wishes it to be known that he wears a cloak; and M. — that he carries a thick cane. And so on eternally—*moi, moi, moi*,—always *moi*! Now I ask, is not this, and such despicable twaddle as this, absolutely disgusting? Fancy the same sort of thing in our journals; fancy the *Times* puffing Mr. X. of the *Herald*, and the *Herald* Mr. Z. of the *Times*! Fancy the writers of the *Literary Gazette* telling their readers what they had for breakfast, and what they will have for dinner, and what they saw at Brighton! Why, the English people would not stand it for a month, nor for a week. But is it not an inevitable consequence of periodical writers signing their lucubrations? I think so; and thinking so, pray most devoutly that the anonymous system may never be abolished in our newspapers, magazines, and reviews. If there were no other reason to be urged, that alone would be sufficient to support the prayer; but there are reasons previously stated which support it also, and others even still more important might be adduced, were it not considered advisable to confine these observations exclusively to what is suggested by the Parisian press.

Talking of Parisian authors, I may perhaps be allowed to take the opportunity of noticing another of their peculiarities. Every one of them in his heart, and soul, and conscience, believes that he is a great man. If he has blotted a few quires of foolscap, and especially if he has had the glory of seeing himself in type, he complacently gives himself the same position as a Scott, a Byron, a Racine, or a Shakspeare. He thinks that the eyes of the world are upon him, that his every action is observed and recorded, that he honours the public by appearing in the streets, and that the English government and the Emperor of Russia have scores of agents laden with bank notes and golden roubles to seduce him from his allegiance to *la belle France*, and transfer himself and his literary glory to their more northern climes. And the poets! Heavens! what wonderful men they are! So sublime and so dingy! So heaven-inspired and so dirty! So deeply read in the human soul, and with such large masses of uncombed hair! And then they are so numerous too: their very name is legion. You, sir, editor though you be of one of the most im-

portant literary organs in the world,\* could not name the ten-hundred-thousandth part of the live *poètes* that France possesses. No man could, in fact: they are a very host. Every town, city, and village in these broad realms possesses some half-dozen of them. Indeed, it seems that every man who writes rhyme is a poet, and that every man who writes at all writes rhyme. On no other supposition is it possible to account for the vast, the immense, the overwhelming number of *poètes*, and *grands poètes* to boot. In England you give the title of poet to one man in a couple of centuries; the French give it to a hundred different men in a day. In England no man but a raving idiot would take upon himself to declare "I am a poet!" but in France, on the contrary, there is not a shop-boy who writes some jingling rhymes to his mistress's eyebrow that does not cry aloud, "Behold me! I am a poet!" I assure you that there is no exaggeration in what I have said. The glorious designation of poet is given and assumed in this country with such reckless profusion that, to my thinking, it is become a term of contempt. Let any man or any schoolboy send a copy of verses, no matter how rubbishy, to Victor Hugo, or De Lamartine, and he will be sure to receive a letter in which one or other of those *real poets* will declare, "Sir, you are a poet!" Let another publish a few pages of incomprehensible jargon, of which each line shall commence with a capital letter, and end with a word that shall jingle with the last word of the preceding line, and he may with a safe conscience proclaim himself a poet, without any one dreaming for a moment of disputing his right to the title. Poets! poets! O Shakspeare! O Milton! O Byron! what a scandalous and burning shame it is to give to such wretched whippersnappers as these the designation that belongs to you.

Lord Aberdeen, it appears, has concluded a treaty with Prussia for the protection of the copyright of literary and artistic works. Good—very good. But I would beg respectfully to ask his lordship if it would not have been better to have concluded one with Saxony; for he must be aware that it is Saxony which preys upon our publishers more than any other kingdom or principality in Germany. Neither at Berlin, nor in any other town in Prussia, as I believe, is any piracy committed on British authors; or if there be, it is small in extent and unimportant in its consequences. But at Leipzig, the great literary mart of noble Deutschland, piracy drives a roaring trade. Bulwer, Wordsworth, Ainsworth, Dickens, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Gore, and other of our living scribes; Scott, Byron, Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Fielding, Southey, and others of the gifted dead, are pirated to an enormous extent. In fact, so gigantic have become the Leipzig piracies, that they supply not only all Germany, but Belgium, and France, and Italy, and Spain, and other places where our countrymen reside, or where our language is studied. It is with Saxony, therefore, that my Lord Aberdeen should have treated, if he would have rendered a real service to the authors, publishers, and literature of his country. Difficulties there would have been, no doubt; for Saxony might have been unwilling to give up a practice of robbery which is so profitable. But difficulties could have been got over, and obstacles have been beaten down. Had bales of cotton and not books, tons of coal and not pictures been in question, Saxony would soon have been taught reason. In Heaven's name, let it not be said that we are entirely indifferent to our literature and our fine arts. Let us not be put down as a nation of paltry shopkeepers and nothing else. Now that we have got a treaty with Prussia, let us have one with Saxony *instantly*. Then will come others with the other states of Germany, with Belgium, and with France; and then will our authors and publishers "enjoy their own."

\* The sudden indisposition of our "Translator," and his returning the letter of our regular correspondent at a late hour, prevent the insertion of his communication until next week.—Ed. L. G.

\* Is not our correspondent sticking it into us in the very same style he has so justly reprehended?—Ed. L. G.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## HAYDON SUBSCRIPTION.

THE meeting we indicated in our last *Gazette* took place on Tuesday, in the rooms of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Sergeants' Inn, at two o'clock. Lord Morpeth was called to the chair, and opened the business by observing, that where there was so much unison of feeling as had brought them together, it would be a waste of words to speak at large upon their admiration of the artist, their deep sorrow for his dreadful fate, or their sympathy for his distressed family; and he therefore simply called on them to go at once to the proceedings of the day. Mr. Sergeant Talfourd read a letter from Sir Robert Peel, from which and a later statement it appeared that the Premier, in the midst of all the turmoil of official duties, even at the time of setting his house in order for relinquishing his high place, had found leisure and disposition to settle a royal pension of 50*l.* on Mrs. Haydon, and to promote her son a step in the Custom-house, where he held a clerkship and was found worthy of advancement; whilst Lady Peel had granted 25*l.* a year for life to the widow out of the fund at her disposal. Sir Robert Peel also headed the proposed subscription for the relief of the family (left utterly destitute) by a personal subscription of 100*l.* [Could ministers and men of high rank and great wealth hear a ten-thousandth part of the eulogies these prompt and humane acts have gained for Sir Robert, they would learn how easy it is for their Order to earn boundless popularity, and establish themselves in public affection and respect. It is astonishing how much such sure and honourable ways are neglected—such cheap and ready access to the heart of a nation, and consequent influence and power. We will venture to say that Sir R. Peel's conduct in the case of the lamented artist, driven to desperation by neglect, has done more for his fame throughout the country than all his political labours. There is no difference of sentiment on this point. And perhaps the example will not be lost. Perhaps succeeding ministers may think that to be the friends and patrons of gifted men, irrespective of party, will be the best course to pursue for the sake of their own characters and stability. Then, too, the classes below them may be taught to depart from the beaten path in this respect, which seems to be founded on principles of hostility to intellectual distinction. "He has Genius, therefore prey upon him; he is careless in common trivialities, therefore lie about him; he is not a Man of business, therefore revile and abuse him!" Under this ban lives the painter, the poet, the scholar; and when he dies there is no end to expressions of general sympathy, and, withal, a generous succour to be applauded, with only one drawback, that it comes too late to sustain or save the Object who has created it.] Taking the sensible hint of brevity from the chair, the resolutions, which will be seen among our advertisements, were moved and carried with few comments, and a subscription immediately begun, of the progress of which we shall not fail to apprise our readers. We have no doubt that it will be sufficient for the end desired; and would again respectfully suggest to the Royal Academy how gracious (burying all resentments in his sad grave) the vote of a donation from that body would be under all the circumstances of poor Haydon's philippics against them, his enthusiastic love of the highest art, and the deplorable tragedy which has concluded his fitful and distracted career.

ORIGINAL,  
AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

## Dramatic Chapters.

## CHAPTER XX.

SCENE—Early morning—rural lands—a mill by a mountain-stream, with huge stepping-stones—CLORIO, still in disguise, crosses the stream, and comes forward.

CLORIO. They're fools that love, but double fools that wed!  
Let who will wed, I'll live and die a maid:

Love? 'tis a draught of gall, with one poor drop  
Of honey! A nettle hid 'neath roses!  
'Tis years of sours to one short month of sugar!  
Love is a gambler!—staking all her heart  
Upon a single throw, and losing it!  
Where winning she'd win nothing!  
Men's hearts are nothing, as much feeling there  
As there is feeling in a painted heart!  
Men's hearts are nothing—empty as their vows,  
On which maids build love-castles in the air,  
To fall and crush them; no, I'll love no more:  
I'll love no more!

But who comes here so sad?  
'Tis, as I live, a wooer of my hand  
Some twelvemonths back; but who methought  
Knew less of love than of philosophy!  
I'll stay and plague him.

Some had pined for weeks,  
Sank into apathy, or died of grief.  
I feel all action! Would I were a man;  
I'd challenge every man, and one by one  
Rid earth of her worst fruit!

[Enter JURUS thoughtfully—CLORIO walks up to him,  
and touches him on the back with her cane.]

C. Give you good morning, sir; you know me not?  
Men have long memories when they serve or lend,  
But short ones when they borrow—you owe me . . .

Jurus. What?

C. A kindness, sir: that is not much, you'll say;  
Which proves you've learnt but little of the world,  
From which 'tis hard at any time to get  
A kindness!

J. You're merry, sir.

C. Merry? 'tis not an hour ago I wept,  
And now my heart betwixt a smile and tear  
Seems vibrating; touch ye but either side  
The difference of a feather, nay, a hair—  
I'm laughing or lamenting! Mark you, sir,  
Mirth is to mourning nearer than supposed;  
Smiles may be born of sorrow, joy of grief;  
The blushes of the morn are types of tears!

You're a philosopher, an alchemist,  
And should at least knowness still the first!

J. What kindness owe I you?

C. There was a giddy girl you late admired,  
A clever gay coquette you favoured once,  
One who'd have wreck'd your heart within a week,  
Or in a month at most: you loved her much,  
And I persuaded you to wed her not:  
This is the kindness you're my debtor for.

J. Methought I knew thy face—a something there

Reminded me of . . . of the kindness, sir,

Your counsel granted me; there's danger oft

In talent; like the glowworm in the grass,

Its brightness is its ruin. Poor Louise!

C. You loved her, then?

J. Would I had not! For plainly, sir, she was

Of Nature's contradictions still the first!

Much loved, much feared, much censured, much admired;

Was good, yet giddy; vain, and yet had sense;

Trustful, yet jealous; humble, yet ambitious.

She could be humble, good, admired, and loved,

Or giddy, vain, ambitious, and despised.

She was to me the single ray that lit

The home my heart had longed for; and when lost,

When lost . . .

C. Lost! I thought she lived,

And that in no choice company, 'tis said.

J. I know what's said: 'tis scandal, sir.

There's a nobility within her soul

At which vice stands rebuked. Vain, but not vile;

Giddy, not giddy. No, 'tis scandal, sir.

C. (to herself) I refused this man to court a fop,

An empty mask of man, a coxcomb, fool!

[Turning to JURUS, laughingly.]

Oh, scandal, sir! I know my Lady Scandal:

I saw her busy at our neighbour's house,

Peeping beneath the blinds, and whispering;

Blushing a thousand shames, with lifted hands,

As wondering to herself, "Can such things be!"

She travels half the universe and more;

Speaks every language underneath the sun;

Familiar with the Ganges as the Thames;

Knows all from Tartary to Ethiopia,

From Moscow to Madrid. With eager step,

Fresh from St. Petersburg she breathless brings

The hundredth *faux pas* of Queen Catharine.

She's the world's monitor, and people fear

Her little finger more than courts of law.

She rails of husbands false, of wives eloped,

Of babies born the mothers only know of;

Divorces and seductions, damages;

Of dukes and debt, conceit and beggar-pride.

And whilst she rails she laughs, and wonders where

Such creatures think they'll go.

J. You're out of breath . . .

C. So is not Madame Scandal;

Nothing's too high, too low, too near, too far for Scandal;

She speeds upon a moonbeam, and tells tales

Of fair Diana and Endymion;

Cautions the stars 'gainst Jupiter's amours;

Something of Leda's swan, and showers of gold;

Swears Saturn ate his children; nay, what's more,

That Venus is no credit to the skies.

And marvels how the heavens can harbour her.

To maidens lacking partners for the dance

She speaks of rival beauties, of false teeth,

Dyed locks, and padded shapes, and cheeks of rose—

Blushes just born of vegetable rouge—

Flirtings, coquettings, jiltings, and intrigues.  
And thus she laughs through life: for each she whips,  
She's twenty laughers to enjoy the lash.  
Leave but their own backs scoreless, half the world  
Will laugh to see the other half exposed.  
So Scandal keeps her audience. 'E'en from church  
She'll seize the preacher on his passage home,  
Mix with the congregation, and set all  
The parish in a broil; this done—she laughs,  
And says the world has grown too bad for her—  
This giddy world, this madcap wicked world,  
Has grown so bad 'twill be the death of her!

J. 'Tis pity mirth like thine should e'er know change.  
I like thy mood: thou'rt something like Louise,  
In talent as in features; forward, pert,  
Yet pertness losing its offensiveness  
In something innocent and loveable.

I like thee much; for sorrow is with me  
So constant in attendance, I would fain  
Claim friendship with a nature light as thine.  
What sayst thou? shall it be so? are we friends—  
The cheerful youth and grave philosopher?

Morning and night make but a single day:

So we, though separate and distant,  
May still be one in friendship; as the day

Is one, though morn and night be different.

C. If ever friend were true, I will be true.

Not for the sunlight merely was I born;

Not for the morning only: well I know  
The night hath glory richer than the dawn.

J. I shall believe in sympathy—believe

That souls have kindred chords, which, once but touched,  
Thrill through the being with a sense of joy,

Of love, of happiness, unknown before.

I'd thank thee for thy friendship, but that thanks . . .

C. (interrupting him.) Are words, mere words, which any

one may say.

Let's have "no words" on friendship's first sweet day.

[Exit.]

CHARLES SWAIN.

## SCRAPS FROM OLD NEWSPAPERS.

TURNING over a parcel of old numbers of the *Chelmsford Chronicle* the other day, the following paragraphs struck me as being sufficiently amusing to deserve a reprint:

"A curious account is given, by a person who has published a Tour in France, with many particulars of Paris, of an English gentleman who resided there, and was peculiarly distinguished by the infinite variety of elegant luxuries of every description in which he constantly indulged. Among the rest, he had collected several most beautiful females, every one of whom at first sight a visitor might imagine he had seen somewhere before. This circumstance arose from the collector of female elegance choosing his ladies entirely from their resemblance to different persons of celebrity; such as Mary Queen of Scots, Nell Gwynne, &c., in the respective costumes of which characters they were habited. There was one vacant chair in the room, reserved for a Cleopatra, then actually on her way from Egypt." 1804.

"Amongst the projects rather curious than useful, presented to the Society of Arts on Tuesday last, was one for weaving spiders' webs into ladies' garters! This reminds us of two projects sarcastically sent by Sir John Hill, a disappointed candidate, to the Royal Society: the first was for promoting the breed of *Eaterpillars*, and the second was for making sprats grow to an extraordinary smallness!" 1806.

"A person has undertaken to walk from Hyde-Park Corner to Windsor, in six days, on condition of stopping at every public-house on the road and within twenty yards of the high road, and drinking half a pint of porter at each. A calculation has been made, that he will have to drink six gallons of beer each day. It will take him two days to go through Knightsbridge and Hammersmith." 1808.

"The following extraordinary incident is stated in a country paper:—On the 10th instant, as a gentleman of Scarborough and a party of friends were fishing for pike, they hooked, and succeeded in securing, a pike of the enormous weight of 54*lbs.*, in which were found four full-grown wild ducks, all of which were, with the pike, dressed for the table!" 1810. X. Y. Z.

## MUSIC.

## THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

## On Modern Pianoforte-playing.

EVERY hour of every day of every week seems at present to be filled up by concerts, given chiefly by



players and teachers of the pianoforte, on which science a few remarks may not be *mal-à-propos*.

Our modern performers are not unlike Bigmore, the celebrated Lincolnshire prize-runner, who about fourteen years ago was not only famous for his rapid galloping, but for his immense muscular strength. Bigmore was as renowned for his pedestrian dexterity as modern pianoforte-players are for their manual dexterity; and there is little mental difference in either, for both are acquired by corporal agencies and practice.

The chief requisites for the development of modern music are, a powerful thumb, used especially to make an inner melody stand out; a ready finger, for accompanying the inner melody in common arpeggio, scale, or chromatic passages; a nimble wrist, for chords, octaves, and repeating notes; an agile arm, for skipping from one end of the key-board even unto the other; and an expert foot, for the pedals in cases where force or the opposite quality is required.

Those who have the greatest facility in these respects will best perform modern music. What most singularly strikes us is, that such performers exhibit only a fanciful taste in this fanciful music.

Fashionable music is, after all, easier to play and requires a less brilliant and delicate finger than the works of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; we therefore cannot subscribe to the prevailing opinion respecting the greater difficulty of performing the modern than the classical music, because the latter requires all the manual dexterity of the former, added to which it demands far more intellect.

Those who most admire mediocrity in any thing are generally supposed to be little able to appreciate true grandeur. Those, then, who feel fervently the middling sort of music cannot be very deeply affected by the sublime; any more than a school-girl who is in ecstasies with a lively polka can be delighted with an animated *scherso* of Mendelssohn. If this be so, what can we suppose when a professor of music is lost in the admiration of an *adagio* or *andante* of modern calibre! Can such be expected to find out the beauties of the great masters? No: and they are consequently the enemies, although professedly the friends, of the divine art.

The public are much indebted to the principal music-sellers also for the modern school; they have extremely encouraged it (pianoforte-makers, too, for fashionable music and players wear out their instruments very quickly), because it produces novelty, and brings customers to the shop. They cannot be upbraided for this; but the world should form its own estimate of the worth of a composition, and not be guided by those whose interest it is to mislead. Good music is always appreciated when properly done. When Staudigl or Pischek, and some few others, sing classical music, the public are invariably delighted with it. When such works fail to please an audience, it is not the fault of the music, but of the interpreters of it. The public, therefore, should reproach the performers and not the composers, if they have not been pleased with a composition from one of the great masters; this would encourage singers and performers generally to execute such works with their right expression. Modern execution has not advanced classical music, but has rather vitiated the taste for it, and produced performers of no feeling or refinement for the art. On this account its tendency has been undeniably bad. Genuine artists love, play, and teach genuine music; and he is no friend to the great masters who endeavours to corrupt the taste by promoting a school of music which they would laugh at. Indeed, a pretty girl who sings "Cherry ripe," or "Nancy Dawson," or who plays a good waltz, or a Jullien's Polka, humbles the art less than professors of music who encourage music which is no more the effort of the mind than the dexterous running of Bigmore.

*Mdlle. Judine's First Concert.*—This young lady

is a pupil of Mr. Moscheles, and was introduced by him on this occasion, when he also conducted the performance. Mdlle. Judine played Beethoven's concerto in E flat, with orchestral accompaniment, no small undertaking at a first concert, in a very excellent manner; and her other pieces shewed equal talent, and a very even, perfect management of the hands, which, with the study of the higher qualities of her art, will render her a very superior player. Caradori, Thillon, Pischek, Sivori, Kellerman, Godefroid, and Moscheles, lent their aid to the young *artiste*; and Mr. Lewis Moss performed on a new instrument of the organ-kind, called the "Orgue melodium," the powers of which are not very different from the old *Seraphine*. The room was crowded to excess, and the concert afforded great satisfaction.

*Mr. Wilson's* penultimate entertainment for the season on Monday gave us Allan Ramsay as a first part, and a capital miscellany for the last. The audience were delighted with both.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—*Semiramide* was performed for the first time on Thursday last. Of all Grisi's admirable parts, there is none more suitable to her than that of *Semiramide*. The haughty, imperious disposition of the guilty queen, succeeded by her horror and despair at feeling the depth of her crimes, are portrayed in the most real manner, both in the tones of her voice and the expression of her acting, in the scena beginning "Notte terribile! notte di morte!" and the duo, "La forza primiera," with Fornasari, which was executed with such force and beauty as to call an encore. In the scene with *Arasce*, when he tells his birth, her singing was most pathetic: the celebrated "Giorno d' orrore" was exceedingly well sung with Sanchioli as *Arasce*, who was also very successful in the bravura duo, "Dal terribile cimento," which ends the scene. This opera exhibits the great scope and variety of Rossini's powers: it possesses all the florid manner of his *Barber of Seville* and *Gazza Ladra*, with a great deal of grandeur and fine tragic expression. Sanchioli has gained credit by her singing of the part of *Arasce*: of course her voice, not being a contralto, is not quite equal to it; but she takes the part with a very good notion of what it is, and requires only practice to make her a very superior singer.

After the opera we had the last act of *Lucia*, with Castellani and Mario. Both these performers have to follow very eminent *artistes* in the parts of *Lucia* and *Edgardo*. Castellani would not suffer by comparison at all, if she did not aim at too much vocalising. Mario is in this an instance of how much more beyond mere voice is required to make it as impressive as was intended by the composer.

*Haymarket.*—A new piece called *Borough Politics*, with little of incident but a revival of provincialism in character has been produced here with success. Mrs. Glover, Webster, and Buckstone sustain the brunt of the action; and it could not be entrusted to any performers who could make it tell more effectively.

*Princess's Theatre.*—A young lady from America and the West Indies, of the name of Virginia Morrier, made her appearance here as *Mrs. Haller* in the *Stranger* on Saturday last. It is a character which always tells on the sensibilities of the sex, and the *débutante* acquitted herself skilfully enough to win tears and applause.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### MANCHESTER.

*Lines (partly extempore) addressed to his Native Town by the Author on his return after a long absence.*

RAIN, rain! nothing but rain!  
In torrents I left and find thee again;  
Thy streamlets are rivers, thy rivers are floods.  
Old Irwell is speeding away to the woods,  
Rejoicing to be  
From boundaries free.  
To greet once again green valley and tree.

Clouds, clouds, thy canopy form,  
Home of the tempest, and store of the storm,  
Saluting fair summer by shrouding the sun,  
Whose beams o'er its blackness but fitfully run,  
Beauteous and brief  
As the transient relief  
Of the smiling of Hope 'midst the wrecking of Grief.  
Far, far have I wandered from thee,  
Where beams of the sun are unfetter'd and free,  
Where Nature profusely her riches hath dung,  
Where Genius hath worshipped, and worshipping sung.  
Scenes beauteous and bright,  
Even hoary Time might,  
I have thought, be there tempted to pause on his flight.  
Home, home! oh, thou art my home,  
And dear unto me, though dark is thy dome;  
Though veiled are thy valleys, and sunless thy streams,  
When parted I pictured thee oft in my dreams;  
And aye shalt thou be  
Most dear unto me,  
For the days of my boyhood passed blithely with thee!  
Manchester. Jos. P. ANTHONY.

#### VARIETIES.

*Mr. Halliwell and the British Museum.*—The trustees of the British Museum have done themselves credit, and Mr. Halliwell justice, by restoring him to the privilege of reading there. We are not of those who like to rip up grievances, and shall therefore only say, it is a matter of public congratulation that the persecution, during the long period of eighteen months, of one of the most diligent and accomplished literary antiquaries, and most amiable persons of the present day in private life, should have ceased in a manner honourable to his character. Society, we feel assured, will be prompt and generous in making amends to his lacerated feelings, and look with an increase of interest to his future productions.

*The Great Wellington Statue* will, D.V., be erected on the summit of the Arch in time to be openly installed on the 2d of August; when we trust some ceremony and festival will be observed in honour of so magnificent a memorial to the Hero to whose glories it offers a grateful and imperishable public homage. Some idea of the sculptured design may be suggested by the statement of the means necessary for merely moving the bronze. The carriage is 24 feet in length, and the axle 13 feet 4 inches, with a circumference of 30 inches. The wheels are 10 feet high, or 30 feet in circumference; four in number, and weighing 2 ton 6 cwt. each, or 9 ton altogether. The scaffolding and wood-work for raising the group from the ground to its resting-place is of immense bulk and strength, as may be seen by the passer-by in Piccadilly; and we hear that the skill and resources of Woolwich Dockyard are so perfect as to preclude the fear of any accident to this unequalled undertaking.

*Caricatures.*—Before the new political field opens to him, H.B. has launched two of about the best executed of his productions. In the one, "Protection," Lord Stanley, as a hen, is brooding over a nice aristocratic nest of chickens; whilst Sir Robert, with portentous long ears, is looking at him through the stable-window. The other is an admirable parody of Landseer's "Stag at Bay:" the stag, Peel; Lord George Bentinck floored; but D'Israeli still fiercely assailing. Lord John is a small bird in the horizon, not of evil omen.

*Royal College of Physicians.*—Dr. John Elliotson delivered the annual Harveian oration in choice Latin. He referred to the opposition given to all great discoveries in science, and invoked his auditors to investigate the facts connected with mæsthetic phenomena, especially the prevention of pain in surgical operations, and the comfort and cure of many diseases. The oration was listened to with attention, and loudly cheered at its close.

*King's College Hospital.*—An important meeting took place last Saturday, attended by the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a number of eminent noblemen and churchmen, at which an appeal to the public was agreed to, and a subscription entered upon for providing a larger hospital in connexion with King's College. 2500l. was raised on the spot.

*Hospital for Consumption.*—The receipts of the

two days at the bazaar for the building fund of the Hospital for Consumption was 2021*l*, and the donations consequent upon the bazaar (including one donation of 500*l*. from an unknown individual) were 1030*l*. The outlay attending the extensive arrangements for the bazaar was necessarily large, but, after defraying all expenses, considerably more than 2000*l*. will, we are informed, be realised to the building fund. We congratulate the committee on the result of their labours. The new hospital is a noble and well-constructed edifice, planned with every attention to the requirements of the class of patients it is intended to relieve, and we hope soon to hear that all the wards are furnished and open for the reception of patients. The medical report for the past year is very satisfactory. The proportion of patients cured compared with the numbers received into the temporary hospital exceeds very greatly the similar proportion of past years. Though the cure of consumption is as yet but an experiment, it is one of great national importance, and we shall watch with much interest the progress of the new hospital at Brompton, with all its improved aids to the medical treatment of the disease.

**The Poor Italian Boys' School.**—Our readers who perused the dismal account of the sufferings of the poor merry-looking Italian boys in London and spread over the country with musical instruments, plaster-casts, mice, monkeys, &c. (see review of Mariotti, No. 1531) will be pleased to learn that the annual concert in aid of their gratuitous School Fund at Hanover Square Rooms was fully attended, and produced good results. M. Pistrucci improvised on the occasion—the subject being the election of the Pope—and there was great musical attraction. More than 200 boys have already reaped the benefit of the moral and religious instruction here afforded, and the excellent effects of the institution are such as to gratify its generous founders and supporters.

**The Alleged Lunatics' Friend Society,** it will be seen, hold their anniversary next Tuesday, which we trust will be supported as so truly novel and benevolent and also much required design merits to be by the public. We propose bringing this subject specifically before our readers, for it is one of great importance to humanity.

**The Provident Society of Dancers** held their first anniversary at Freemasons' Tavern this week, under the presidency of the eminent *dansesuses'* patron and friend, Sir C. Shakerley. A subscription of above 500*l*. was announced: a sum which it is to be hoped will help to keep up the ball.

**Pension to Mr. McCulloch.**—Independently of his most useful public services in the Stationery Office, at the head of which he stands with a liberal salary, it is stated that "one of the last ministerial acts of Sir Robert Peel was the recommendation of Mr. McCulloch to her Majesty for a pension of 200*l*., as an acknowledgment of the value of his writings on political economy."

**Drury Lane Theatre.**—We hear that an amateur gentleman, Mr. Arthur Webster, has become the lessee of the Drury Lane Theatre, for the nights (20) of the Belgian opera-singers. The rent is said to be 60*l*. a night. How the company payments or sharing is arranged is not told.

**Ibrahim Pacha's Visit to the Manufactories.**—It is an interesting reflection connected with Ibrahim Pacha's visit to the manufactories of England, that, some three thousand years ago, many of these arts flourished in an eminent degree in the kingdom to which he is heir-apparent. In the manufacture of glass, for instance, which appears particularly to have excited his astonishment at Birmingham, the ancient Egyptians had attained a degree of perfection which, in some branches, has scarcely been equalled by the artificers of modern times.

When with just pride Britannia doth display  
Before the wondering heir of Pharaoh's throne  
Triumphs of art to other lands unknown,  
Oh, may she not forget, in this her day,  
That there was once, in years long passed away,  
A time when all these arts so proudly shewn

To the Egyptian were his nation's own!  
And she who rules with such triumphant sway  
The realms of skill and science—where was then  
Her glory? In the lowest form of man  
Her children naked on the mountains ran,  
Or shared the wolf and the hyena's den,  
And if her heart beat high with the review,  
May she be humble and be thankful too!

R. F.

**South Australia.**—Mr. James Allen, so intimately acquainted with all that relates to this country, having been editor of the *South Australian Register*, delivered the first of three lectures upon it to a numerous auditory, on Tuesday evening, at Crosby Hall. It was illustrated by fine dissolving views, and comprehended a very interesting account of the capital, Adelaide.

**A New Element.**—A railway-traveller, conversing with a fellow-passenger the other day, finding that he was a grazier, asked him whether he thought the new tariff would ever bring down the price of meat. "It may have that effect in time," replied the grazier; "but meat can never be very cheap in the neighbourhood of London—London is such a devouring element, sir!"

**Misnomer.**—In a suburb of London this week, the gable end and chimney of a little public-house gave way, and was only saved from utter wreck by props. Round the corner, over the door, is inscribed, "This is the noted Stout House!"

**South Australian Mines.**—The progress making in this important branch of colonial prosperity may be gathered from the following passages in a late No. of the *South Australian Register*, published at Adelaide 21st January:—"We lately published an advertisement for 200,000 bricks to be tendered for the use of the Burra Burra mines. On Wednesday we noticed a considerable supply of door and window frames and building materials on the way to the same invaluable property. We have since seen a gentleman who has lately returned from the mines, and was present when a single but very powerful blast threw out from the mass an unusually large quantity of copper-ore of the finest quality; and as a number of days happened to be waiting, the ore was at once broken into convenient pieces, and put into the vehicles: when it appeared that no less than thirty tons, worth at the very least 600*l*. on the spot, had been produced by one explosion. It has been reported that some of the experienced 'tributers' are earning more than 7*l*. per week each, whilst one very confident report goes so far as to make one class of earnings equal to 50*l*. per month per man.—The exports of lead-ores from this province have hitherto been limited in comparison with those of copper; but lead will in all probability exhibit a very important aggregate in the returns for the present year. In point of quality, the ore at Glen Osmond never appeared so rich for silver as at the present moment—almost every lump is a brilliant specimen; and as to quantity, in which Wheel Watkins may justly be said to take the lead, it is thought that the level now nearly driven in will give access to at least 12,000*l*. worth of ores, judging from the masses actually in sight."

**Gradual Rise of Newfoundland above the Sea.**—It is asserted that the whole of the land in and about the neighbourhood of Conception Bay, very probably the whole island, is rising out of the ocean at a rate which promises, at no very distant day, materially to affect, if not to render useless, many of the best harbours now on the coast. At Port-de-Grave a series of observations have been made, which prove the rapid displacement of the sea-level in the vicinity. Several large flat rocks, over which schooners might pass some thirty or forty years ago with the greatest facility, are now approaching the surface, the water being scarcely navigable for a skiff. At a place called the Cosh, at the head of Bay Roberts, upwards of a mile from the sea-shore, and at several feet above its level, covered with five or six feet of vegetable mould, there is a perfect beach, the stones being rounded, of a moderate size, and in all respects similar to those now found in the adjacent land-washes.—*Newfoundland Times*.

**The Eruption of Mount Hecla** still continued, according to the latest accounts of the 15th of April. The pillars of fire rose from three new craters to the height of 14,000 English feet, and were broader than the largest river in the island, the Pierræn. The lava has already formed several high hills. Pieces of pumice-stone, or scorie, weighing 2 cwt., were thrown to a distance of a league and a half. The ice and snow which covered the mountain for many centuries are wholly melted, and the river Rangen has, in consequence, frequently overflowed its banks.

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## DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1846.	h.	m.	1846.	h.	m.
July 4 . . . . .	12	3 59.0	July 8 . . . . .	12	4 39.3
5 . . . . .	4	9 6	9 . . . . .	—	4 44.4
6 . . . . .	4	19 9	10 . . . . .	—	4 57.1
7 . . . . .	—	4 29 8			

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

¶ We beg notice to our Letter from Florence in this *Gazette*, possessing as it does high European as well as literary interest, and revealing the remarkable election of the new Pope and his governing policy in a manner to indicate immediate and memorable changes for Italy.

ERRATUM.—Page 583, col. i. of our last No., line 13 from the bottom, in the comparison of expenditure between the Archaeological Institute and Association, three months was stated instead of nine.

## LOW SUNDAY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Norwich, June 29, 1846.

Sir,—Being much interested in the recent controversy in the *Literary Gazette* with regard to the derivation of the term *Low Sunday*, I trust to be excused in offering to the notice of your learned contributors the following lines, which I accidentally met with in Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, act ii. scene 1:

"Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,  
And set the meiklest peat-stack in a low."

*Low* is here spelt without the *e* final, and appears to me to bear out more fully the opinion expressed by your Correspondent, in the concluding paragraph of his letter inserted in your No. for June 6th. The glossary in the above-named author gives "*low*, a flame," and "*lowan*, flaming. *Lowell* is a kind of fowling in the night, by which birds are awakened by a bell, and lured by a flame into a net. *Low* with the *e* final is a Saxon word signifying a hill, heap, or barrow; and the Gothic *hlain* means also a monument or barrow."



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